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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

The Week.

Apart from all questions of Cannon or "Cannonism," the insurrection in the House of Representatives gives evidence of the general state of political feeling, and, above all, of feeling on the tariff. Honest men like President Taft and Representative McCall may succeed in convincing themselves that Aldrich and Cannon gave the country a "square deal" on the tariff, but it is plain that they will never convince anybody else. To satisfy the demand of the country, to fulfil the expectations that had been aroused in the campaign, a change in the tariff was necessary whose reality it required no fine statistical argument to establish. If the indignation against the tariff taxes levied on the people by favored interests, which had been steadily rising year after year, was to be stilled, the change in the tariff had to be one that was clearly visible to the naked eye. The reception that Mr. Taft's Winona speech met with was a foretaste of what happened in the House last week. When powers that are almost despotic in themselves, and whose range is coextensive with the government of a great country, are exercised not only with gross disregard of the rights of minorities, but also in the interest of a system of tax-spoliation of which the country is thoroughly tired, such a storm as we are witnessing is a natural result.

On a careful reading, Secretary Ballinger's address before the Minnesota State Conservation Convention reveals important shortcomings. Mr. Ballinger was more fortunate in those passages in which he endorsed the work and aims of the originators of the conservation movement than in those other passages in which he either displayed resentment toward individuals or entered upon the interpretation of statistics. When he said that "our country is the richest of all in natural resources," that wise conservation implies "as full and free a development of our natural resources as is consistent with our civilization and needs," and that "what the public needs to-day is a speedy survey of all available areas for settlement and an adequate classification of the remainder of the public lands" as a preliminary to legislation, he was originating no new doctrine, for those are statements which the leaders of the conservation movement have been making in a hundred forms ever since they took the lead. On the other hand, when Mr. Ballinger referred to "doctrinaires" and their "wholly exaggerated notions" he was unconvincing, while his use of statistics in dealing with the duration of the coal supply invites close scrutiny.

Mr. Ballinger finds that the apparent supply of coal still available is 99.6 per cent. of the original supply, "or coal enough to last, as some claim, for a period of 7,000 years." While it is true, as the National Conservation Commission pointed out in its report, that prophecy as to the duration of the coal supply must possess questionable value, because it is impossible to foresee the future rate of consumption or of waste, it is equally true that any attempted estimate ought to be soundly reasoned. Messrs. Marius R. Campbell and Edward W. Parker of the United States Geological Survey, the experts who reported on this subject to the National Conservation Commission, were selected on account of their competence in the field. They discovered a prospect grotesquely at variance with that which Mr. Ballinger apparently accepts as not unreasonable. They showed, by one method, that, provided waste is unchecked and the present increase in the rate of consumption continues, "the 1,382,780,000,000 tons available at the close of 1907 would be exhausted in one hundred and seven years"; and by another method, allowing for a constantly diminishing rate of increase in consumption, it would be exhausted in one hundred and twenty years. These estimates may be mistaken; but the 7,000 years of future supply, which "some claim," and Mr. Ballinger seems to find satisfactory, depends on the assumption that the present rate of production will remain stationary, and that all waste will be eliminated. Since for the five decades just past consumption has increased at a rate of 73.6 per cent. per decade, while but little more than half of the available coal is recovered by present mining methods, such an assumption is clearly inadmissible.

Readers of the newspaper reports of the oral arguments in the Standard Oil appeal case, before the United States Supreme Court, will possibly have gained a puzzled impression that the counsel were dealing in glittering generalities rather than grappling with the hard legal facts of the controversy. Such feeling of perplexity may have been deepened by the interpellations from the bench. Thus Justice Harlan's interruption of Mr. Milburn's plea for the company with the query, "Would you call an organization of men to buy all the coal lands in Pennsylvania a conspiracy in restraint of trade?" and Mr. Milburn's cautious answer that "the question you put is one difficult of solution," might to some minds seem to be of deep significance. So, too, of Mr. Milburn's apologetic remark that he was out of his line in discussing monopolies, and Justice White's retort, "I think you are in your line," and of Justice McKenna's sharp demand of Mr. Watson if he thought the Circuit Court's decree was the only question before the Supreme Court, and Mr. Watson's hasty abnegation of such a theory. Perhaps some people may have been tempted to read between the lines of these colloquies an indication of prejudice by the court. The fact of the matter is, however, that, as one of the company's counsel put it, the Supreme Court is a law unto itself, and in nothing more so than in this cross-questioning of counsel. The law and fact, as interpreted by counsel for the Government and for the company, are set forth in voluminous briefs, usually containing hundreds of pages of argument, citation, and precedent. These briefs do not often come before the general public's eye, but it is they which chiefly determine the ultimate finding of the court.

The American Prohibition Year-Book for 1910 asserts that "the figures of the United States Census show almost inexhaustible data for prohibition argument." The pro-liquor advocate might come back with the statement that in

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the American Prohibition Year-Book one might pick up a wealth of data in favor of a liberal excise policy. Without subscribing to the latter view, one may nevertheless draw, from the figures cited in the prohibition manual, the fact that there has been less change in the drinking habit than in the drinking habits of the American people during the last forty years. In 1840 the annual per capita consumption of distilled liquors was 2.52 gallons. After thirty years' fluctuation the figures stood at 2.07 gallons in 1870, whence, during the next decade, there was a drop to 1.27 gallons, around which figure the annual consumption has remained; in 1909 it was 1.37 gallons. The consumption of malt liquors in 1840 was 1.36 gallons per head; in 1880 it had risen to 8.26 gallons; in 1909 it was 19.7 gallons. To the Prohibitionist, whose principles do not discriminate between distilled and malt liquors, this should be a discouraging development. The rabid anti-prohibitionist will seize upon such figures as proof of the utter failure of prohibition. But the great fact that must be taken into account, of course, is the change in the character of our population since 1840. The advent of the malt-drinking German immigrant has profoundly affected the drinking habits of our entire population. It supplied an impetus which has not exhausted itself twenty-five years after the slackening of the tide of German immigration.

Pittsburgh is presenting the spectacle of a miniature Reign of Terror. The terrified, however, are not fleeing the wrath of an inflamed populace; they are members of the Select and Common Councils hurrying and scurrying to cover by confessing that they have been taking bribes. The element of the comic is injected into this sordid semi-tragedy by the eagerness of the rush, and the fear which oppresses some of these representatives of the people that the policeman may seize them before they can get their confession in. One of these worthies rushed into court late in the afternoon anxious to confess. "Come back to-morrow, we're too busy," said the judge. Was ever anything like this seen since the days when the guillotine was kept so busy in Paris in '93? The guillotine, however, in the case of these precious rogues, will mean, it seems, only official decapitation; while those who are too stiff-necked to confess are to be energetically prosecuted and severely punished.

Monday's $50,000,000 New York city bond sale was eminently successful, in the sense that it showed readiness of investment capital to subscribe in abundance for such issues. The loan appears to have been almost four times over-applied for; thus contrasting in a gratifying way with the $29,000,000 city bond offer of 1907, of which only $2,000,000 was taken, and even with the $40,000,000 offer of last June, which elicited $68,000,000 total applications. The result of Monday's offer disposed at all events of the notion, which had found more or less expression, that the city's credit was impaired. It is true, on the other hand, that the price obtained was relatively low—or, to put the matter in another way, the city has had to allow a higher interest rate than heretofore. The actual price, secured on the average from bidders to whom the bonds were awarded, is higher than in two preceding city bond sales; but those bonds bore an interest rate of only 4 per cent., as against 4¼ in the present instance, and the net yield to the investor, estimated on the interest rate and the average premium bid, is larger than in any New York bond sale of recent years, except for that of September, 1907, and that of February, 1908—just before and just after the panic. This circumstance, however, cannot rightly be construed as reflecting unfavorably on the city's credit, for the course of events has been precisely similar in the market for other equally high-grade public loans.

How precious a possession the New York City Hall is few people realize. Many architects regard it as the most beautiful building in America. Built just before the artistic chaos of the last century supervened, it is the most conspicuous and palpable link between ourselves and that European civilization from which we sprang. It is one of the last structures anywhere that carry the stamp of historic tradition and are dignified by consistent and appropriate style. Without this City Hall our American art would be deprived of an indispensable monument—would be in the case of American literature were the works of Washington Irving obliterated. Of course, nobody proposes to destroy the City Hall. Even those who have only a vague sense of its importance instinctively love it. They know that it is venerable, and that the eyes rest willingly upon it. The mere suggestion of its destruction would raise an outcry, from the newsboys who ply their trade about it to the dwellers in our remotest borough. But something only a little less disastrous than its destruction is proposed, and New York generally is indifferent. This can only be through failure to grasp the seriousness of the emergency. When it is realized that to rebuild the court-house on its present site is to destroy the effect of the City Hall, there will be widespread protest against so needless a vandalism. Facing the need of a new court-house, the city government has heedlessly considered the erection of a high building across the north end of the park and immediately behind the City Hall. Any structure of this sort would not merely encroach upon precious park space, but would dwarf the City Hall and make it apparently no more than a stepping-block to the court-house. The mere consideration of such a project must show its impropriety and lead to its rejection.

Contrary to what one would imagine at first sight, "Ozanna Roosevelti" is not the Sudanese formula of adoration with which Fuzzy-Wuzzy's kinsmen are acclaiming the head of the returning Smithsonian African expedition. Yet with that expedition the picturesque bit of nomenclature is intimately bound up. For Ozanna Roosevelti, as described by Edmund Heller in Vol. 54, Part 6, of the "Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections," is nothing less than "a Sable Antelope collected by Kermit Roosevelt in the Shimba Hills, British East Africa, representing a form easily distinguishable from *Ozanna Niger*." Here, then, is a foretaste of the treasures that are now floating northward on the bosom of the Nile. The talent for zoölogical classification so strongly manifested in the discoverer of the Malefactor, the Mollycoddle, and the Muckraker, has proved hereditary, and Kermit has a new animal species to his credit at the very beginning of his career. For purposes of closer scientific identification we quote the official measurements of Ozanna R.:

Skull: Condylobasal length, 415; basilar

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length, 365; zygomatic width, 150; interorbital constriction, 108; nasal, 144; maxillary toothrow, 109 mm.

No doubt, this might be put into shorter and uglier terms, but the reader can find these for himself.

Mr. Fairbanks's message of peace from around the world has authority and timeliness. As against the passionate newspaper correspondent at Tokio, Washington, or Berlin, Mr. Fairbanks has had the advantages of an equable temperament and plenty of time for observation. When he says that "we were never further removed from the possibilities of conflict that we are to-day," he is stating a fact which the present condition of international politics the world over emphatically reinforces. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is there. So far as Europe is concerned, Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporay Review*, sums up the situation in a single sentence: "The governments in quest of money are pacific." Dr. Dillon's views are not encouraging as to the distant future, but for the moment they reassure. "The Powers are busy replenishing their depleted coffers under conditions of steadily-growing difficulty, and, like the wild animals at feeding-time, they hate to be disturbed." Among the governments now in the money market are Germany, Prussia, France, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Servia. Itself in a pacific mood, Europe refuses to take seriously the wild rumors on which we, in this country, are fed concerning our relations with Japan. The European nations have lived too closely together for too long a time not to be impressed by the efficacy of 10,000 miles of ocean as a preventive of war.

The two attempts to deal with the problem of the Lords show a strong contrast. Mr. Asquith has brought forward his resolutions, which are of the expected tenor. The first resolution provides for complete control of money bills by the House of Commons, thus unmistakably disposing of the question that was precipitated by the Lords' rejection of the budget; the second precludes the Lords from rejecting any bill that has been passed by the Commons at three successive sessions, provided the entire time the bill has been before the House is not less than two years; and in the same case the bill becomes a law without the royal assent. This proposal is in diametrical contrast with the first of Lord Rosebery's resolutions, declaring that "a strong and efficient second chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but is necessary to the well-being of the state and the balance of Parliament." A second chamber that was perfectly helpless in the face of any majority in the House of Commons which could be counted on to hold out for two years could certainly not be described as a "strong" body.

The House of Lords, in committee of the whole, has adopted not only this resolution of Rosebery's, but also the other two resolutions proposed by him. The second, declaring in general terms the necessity of "reforming and reconstituting" that House, was adopted without a division; the third, which declares that "possession of a peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords," was adopted, after a short debate, with a near approach to unanimity, the vote being 175 to 17. Between the two parties, there will certainly be a clear contest of the most profound and important kind on the issue of a strong second chamber; and the most acute question just now is, how much popular support the Conservatives will gain for their side by the adoption of the radical reform to which the Rosebery resolutions commit them. In a word, these resolutions call for more power and less privilege; for more strength, based on more ability to use that strength rightly. As between this and Mr. Asquith's proposition to leave the House of Lords what it is in composition, while depriving it of nearly all real significance in action, there will be plenty of room for doubt as to the nation's decision. Seldom has a people been called upon to decide, in a single election, a more interesting or a more vital Constitutional question.

The Prussian Government has forced through the House of Delegates the so-called franchise reform bill, against which the bulk of the Prussian people has been protesting. It is not necessary to sympathize with the violence of the language of the Socialist Representative, Liebknecht, which drove out of the building most of the Clericals and Conservatives, to feel that he is correct in his contention that this outcome of the suffrage fight settles nothing. The franchise battle there is bound to go on, with the Socialists in the happy position of fighting the battle of all the people, and not merely of those who favor its policies. In a recent issue of *Ulk* there is a picture of Christ with an inscription that he never received the degree of doctor of philosophy, nor graduated from a public school—he was nothing but a sort of a "low-down, third-class elector." This illustrates something of the spirit in which the battle is being waged—it is becoming a kind of holy war. The Government, having sowed the wind, may now reap the whirlwind. When a ruler forces his programme after such overwhelming demonstrations of popular distrust, he ought to be prepared for the worst. When it comes time to write the obituary of King William of Prussia, it can never be set down that he was either truly enlightened or in the least degree in sympathy with the aspirations of the bulk of his people.

In Italy the Sonnino Cabinet has gone out of office after holding power for a little more than three months. The resulting situation is undoubtedly puzzling, but scarcely of great significance. There is no far-reaching issue of immediate moment upon which the Italian Parliament is divided. The question is one of personalities. The Chamber of Deputies is divided into four or five groups, none of which is strong enough to assume office and no two or three of which can be held together by any other leader than the late Premier, Giolitti, who made way for Baron Sonnino last December. Giolitti abandoned office virtually of his own free will. He had been long at the head of the Government, and it suited his purposes to remain in the background for a while. Baron Sonnino has had the support of Giolitti's followers at the latter's express directions. It was a situation which the Chamber and the press accepted as a good deal in the nature of a farce. Giolitti seems to have been willing to keep up the game for some time, but Premier Sonnino, one of the most respected personages in Italian public life, evidently grew weary of the job of seat-warmer for his astute predecessor.

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THE SPEAKERSHIP STRUGGLE.

Throughout the great fight on Speaker Cannon there has been involved a mixture of two issues, on their face quite distinct. The question of the power that ought to be conferred on the Speaker in the control of legislative business is one thing, the question whether that power has been abused by Mr. Cannon is another. But easy as it is to distinguish between these questions in the abstract, it was inevitable that they should be inextricably bound together in the actual contest and trial of strength. And alongside this double character of the fight, we must place the party issues which were interwoven with it. The regular Republicans, standing by Cannon from start to finish, were involved in no perplexity; but the insurgents and the Democrats could never lose sight of the fact that they were dealing with three distinct and yet interwoven elements—the curbing of Speakership power, the repudiation of Cannon personally, and the helping or hurting of party prospects in the Congressional elections of next autumn.

Had the effort to choke off Mr. Burleson's motion for the deposition of Speaker Cannon succeeded, had the House adjourned last Saturday immediately after passing the Norris resolution, there would have been a breathing-spell during which the country, and the House itself, would have digested the result as bearing on the first aspect of the question. That resolution goes far to break down the power of the Speaker; it does break down completely that part of it which gives him despotic control, the selection and domination of the Committee on Rules. With this accomplished, and with no immediately subsequent test of the attitude of the insurgents toward Speaker Cannon personally, attention would have been centred almost exclusively on the question of what the victors would substitute for the system they had overthrown. But the test that Mr. Burleson insisted on forcing, and which Mr. Cannon more than welcomed, brought the other aspect of the issue to the front; the Republicans plucked from their defeat unexpected comfort in the shape of a larger majority for the Speaker's retention than he had commanded when elected to the Speakership of the present Congress. The result on Saturday night accordingly assumed, on the surface, the form of a crushing defeat for the system of Speakership domination that Cannon represented and a personal victory for Cannon himself.

But it is on the surface only that the outcome of the great fight bore this character. When the tumult has subsided, and the new Committee on Rules has begun to grapple with the extraordinary difficulties of the situation, it will be seen that some form of concentration of power to control business is necessary, and it will not be surprising if we shall witness a reaction on the abstract question of Speakership power; but it is almost unthinkable that such a reaction should take the shape of a reconciliation with "Cannonism." Whatever may be necessary for the successful conduct of Congressional business, to admit the necessity of such absolute power—over great things and small, over party questions and questions of non-partisan character—as has been exercised by Mr. Cannon is to throw overboard completely the idea of the House as a legislative body. It is possible that sober second thought will come to the support of the idea of Speakership power that was repudiated in the Norris resolution; it will not come to the support of that idea as embodied in Speaker Cannon.

That the uprising was wholesome in its nature and that it will be beneficent in its results we have no doubt whatsoever. In the practical conduct of public affairs a nation is constantly confronted with situations in which theoretical objections of great moment can be urged against a proposed course of action, and in which, nevertheless, that action is manifestly demanded by existing conditions. Even if it could be demonstrated with scientific precision that absolute power in the hands of the Speaker is the only possible means of assuring the working of such an institution as the House of Representatives, a revolt such as this we have been witnessing would still be justified. It is one thing to say that you must have a despotism, and quite another thing to say that the despotism shall be exercised to the limit of its theoretical possibilities. A despotism that is unendurable will not be endured—this axiom is simpler, and rests on more secure ground, than does the accredited theory of Speakership power, however scientific its basis. The terrors of House anarchy are terrors of the future; if they come about, we may rest assured that they will not be allowed to persist very long. The abuses of Speakership despotism, on the other hand, are solid facts of the past, and especially of the immediate past, and a virile people will not be deterred from grappling with them by the difficulty of providing anything to take their place. They will proceed in the only way in which they can proceed in such a situation; they will begin by overthrowing that which they have found to be a tyrannical abuse. Whatever may be the future development of the struggle, it will be a long time before the country will be asked to submit to the kind of domination that has been embodied in the Cannon Speakership.

THE ETHICS OF PRICE-MAKING.

A select committee of the United States Senate, with Mr. Lodge for chairman, has been engaged on the problem of the high cost of living—or, as it should rather be entitled, the high prices of the necessaries of life. That the committee is getting a number of more or less interesting, important, and trustworthy bits of information is hardly to be denied. But that any really valuable result can come from an inquiry conducted in the manner of this, is in the highest degree improbable. We say nothing as to the rectitude of the committee's purpose; though it were granted that Senator Lodge and his associates had no more interest in the standing of the tariff than in the character of Henry VIII, it would still be idle to expect from these "hearings" a conclusion of authoritative character or of substantial value. In the first place, the facts to be inquired into are of such a nature that only through the patient labor of trained investigators of economic and statistical questions can they be satisfactorily determined or intelligently classified. And secondly, after the facts are ascertained they can be made fruitful for the practical purposes either of daily life or of statesmanship only through the interpretation of the facts in the light of broad economic principles. Indeed, it may justly be asserted that any one who has not formed the instinctive habit of associating economic facts with economic principles will not know how to look for the facts themselves; for the circumstances that on the surface appear to cover the point at issue are often

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by no means the significant facts of the case.

Throughout the discussion of the price question, in Congress, in the committee, in the newspapers, there is a constant tendency to talk about who is "to blame" for the high prices. A number of interesting exhibits have been presented to show that extortionate retail profits are to blame; and yet five retail meat dealers who were before the Senate committee some days ago declared that the retailer is being crushed to the wall. "I blame the farmer," said one of them. "So does the packer. The farmer explains he has to raise so much good corn in order to feed his cattle. Possibly he lays too much stress on this argument. At any rate, I think the farmer is responsible for driving up prices in the last five years and is now reaping the big profits." Thereupon Senator Crawford of South Dakota, whose constituents are almost all farmers, came to the defence of the agriculturists, and did his best to clear them of the scandalous charge that they had been getting a high price for their product when they could find people willing to pay it. The retailer, on his part, refused to admit that his class were getting anything out of the rise; they got only the same number of cents per pound above the wholesale price as they did in former times, and not the same percentage; and sometimes they couldn't get that, because when they attempt to raise prices above a certain point, "the public won't stand for it." This looks like a good translation into current American slang of the musty old "classical" law of supply and demand; and the evidence it furnishes of the continued existence of that law is the more valuable because this Washington meat-dealer, like Molière's hero, was talking political economy without knowing it.

Now, in this matter of placing the "blame," it is high time we were all getting our bearings with regard to the fundamental point at issue. Time was when "every schoolboy," or at least every grown man with an elementary knowledge of economics, was supposed to understand that the prices of commodities and services were, in the absence of special conditions that interfered with competition, governed by supply and demand. Under this view of the economic organization of society, a farmer was not to be "blamed" for getting a dollar for a bushel of wheat or twenty dollars for a hog; if the price was highly remunerative, he was simply to be congratulated on his good fortune; and if the price was higher than the natural possibilities of supply warranted, it was to be expected that the temptation to increase the supply would be sufficient to provide the remedy. If the price was permanently maintained, that was proof that it was the price which existing conditions warranted, and there was nothing more to be said. There is no law of God or man that prescribes that the owner of a forty-acre farm shall be limited to an income of $1,000; if he can sell his produce at such prices as to make $2,000 or $3,000, he has earned it just as the hod-carrier has earned his $600, or the carpenter his $1,200, or the lawyer his $10,000, or the banker his $50,000. And the same thing applies to retail trade. If there is no combination, or understanding, among retailers that prevents competition, the fact that certain rates of profit prevail year after year must be taken as presumptive evidence that they are the rates which are called for by the adjustment of supply to demand—the supply of the conveniences of the retail stores and the demand for those conveniences. In a word, what a man can get for his wares or his services, in the open market, without fraud and without conspiracy, is the measure of what he is entitled to in our economic system.

Of course, nothing of all this applies to the case of either natural or artificial monopolies. And even in other cases, we are not arguing in favor of putting a gag on inquiry. The inquiry is well worth making, but it must be made with a full appreciation of the elementary factors in the case. In the matter of retail business, for example, it is quite possible that there exist in the trade certain understandings, tacit or express, that have the effect of keeping the rate of profit unnecessarily high. Although we know that the little retail shopkeepers are not amassing fortunes, it is possible that the level of profits is such as to keep a great many more in existence than there is any genuine demand for. Possible, we say; but a person inquiring into the matter in a scientific spirit would ask, first of all, what prevents anybody who chooses from breaking down this scale of retail profits? To judge from some of the statements made by investigating Senators, profits on clothing, on glassware, and what not, are so enormous that if prices were cut in two there would still be a large margin for the retailer; and any respectable merchant who sold goods at half price would, of course, get them sold with tremendous rapidity. And then another point would necessarily come next into the inquirer's mind. Co-operative retail shops are an old idea, both in this country and in England. In England they have attained considerable dimensions; in this country they do not seem to flourish at all; but in neither country do they offer such tremendous economies as ought to follow from the abolition of the retailer's profits if these are as "extortionate" as is sometimes alleged. Why have coöperative shops not driven the ordinary retail shops out of existence in England? Why are they almost unknown in this country? Any properly conducted inquiry into the price question would raise these questions and a hundred others. It would not be content with a scrap-book of miscellaneous answers to haphazard questions. It would seek such light as might furnish guidance to the people in their every-day life, and to the law-makers in determining whether or not there was occasion to take any action in the premises.

PENNSYLVANIA'S CONSTABULARY.

The Philadelphia street-railway strike ought not to slip from the public mind without the calling of attention again to one highly important phase of the battle between order and disorder in the city's streets. We refer to the invaluable services of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. After the expected failure of the city's police to control the lawless, and the pitiful incapacity of a battalion of the militia to patrol one street, the Constabulary were sent for, precisely as they have been in every important strike since their organization in 1906. The arrival of only 180 of the Constabulary changed the entire situation; thereafter disorder virtually came to an end. What several thousand police had failed to accomplish they did in a twinkling, and in a way to compel the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders. And there is a reason for the difference. The Constabulary is a business organization. Although employed by the State, it knows no politics in its

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make-up or in the execution of its orders. It is an object-lesson to the entire country, because it proves that there is no reason why we should have as a nation the worst police in the world, and because it suggests one reason why Europe, with its constabularies, is so much more law-abiding than the United States.

When the bill creating this force was passed at Harrisburg, in 1905, we commented upon its purport as one of the most important developments in American government of recent years. Everything we hoped of it has been realized, and more besides. Originally planned, partly at the behest of labor unions, to take the place of the Coal and Iron Police, which was paid by corporations for keeping order in the mining regions, and to prevent the use of Pinkerton detectives, as in the great strike of 1902, the force, it was supposed, would be little needed outside of the mine districts. As a matter of fact, their services are in demand in every portion of the State. In 1908 they spent in varying numbers six weeks in the town of Chester preserving order in the trolley strike, the local police being powerless and the town in the hands of the strikers. Three weeks ago they were preserving order in Bethlehem. What they accomplished in the Pressed Steel Car Company's strike at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburgh, last year, is a matter of record. It ought not to be forgotten that while on duty there the Constabulary lost two killed and four wounded; yet when the stress was over strikers and State police fraternized. The former knew the Constabulary had but done their duty, and respected them for it. All in all, this force has answered twenty-eight calls for riot duty since it began work on March 1, 1906.

Altogether the Constabulary has lost seven men killed and eighteen severely wounded since its organization. It numbers only 228 men; yet in the year 1908 alone its members made no less than 5,028 arrests. They have acted as forest, fish, and game wardens; extinguished forest fires; raided "speak-easies," disorderly resorts, and gambling houses; pursued and caught criminals after long day and night marches; captured railway thieves; gathered in numerous "Black Hand" miscreants, and furnished to county law officials precisely the law-enforcing body they have so long needed. In 1909 the members of the Constabulary travelled 500,000 miles, and in the four years of their existence they have patrolled 1,321,509 miles of road. There are only ten officers, including the able superintendent, Capt. John C. Groome; there are no supernumerary staff officers, and only two officers to each troop or company. All promotions are made from the ranks, and since the organization no outsider has been appointed either a non-commissioned or commissioned officer. All offenders are tried by a summary court, and any one found guilty is fined or dismissed. Intoxication is paid for by a fine once only; the second offence means dishonorable discharge.

The few general rules to which this force has lived up are given as follows:

A man can be a gentleman as well as a policeman; he must treat everybody with respect; if he starts after a criminal he *must* get him; he must never fire save in self-defence, or to secure a prisoner; must never hit a prisoner after arrest, and each constable must always be equal to 100 foreigners.

"The morale and discipline of the force are excellent and, I consider, unequalled by any body of men in the United States," is the opinion of its commander, and we believe it to be a correct statement of the case. Nobody can overestimate the service this body of men has done to the State. The year before its organization, seven of the game wardens had been shot and four killed; the next year not one was injured. The game commissioners testified officially that this change was solely due to "the unhesitating, determined, and persistent pursuit of wrong-doers of all classes by members of that force [the Constabulary]." It is the cheapest investment the State has ever made, and its record answers every excuse, wherever made, that other States cannot do likewise, because of lack of funds. If the situation is studied, it will soon be found that no State can afford to do without a similar body. The sheriff, as a means of enforcing law in rural districts, is a hopeless failure. To him we owe, in part, our record as the most lawless people, with pretensions to civilization, on the globe.

We have dwelt at length on this Pennsylvania success, because we have long felt the need, particularly in the South, of precisely such organizations. In Jamaica, the indispensable character of a mounted negro constabulary has long been established. We are glad to see so enlightened a Southern newspaper as the Charlotte *Observer* coming out in favor of some colored police for that city, to control the lawless blacks. If this is proper for a city, it is for a State as well. Nothing could so rapidly free us from the ignoble disgrace of the lyncher; before efficient constabularies the worst phases of the race trouble in the South would fade away, and the saving of human beings in the way of crime-prevention and the decrease of the chain-gang would be inestimable. But it is not the South alone that needs mounted State constabularies. New York and every other State should have them.

THE STORY AND THE MORAL.

It has always seemed to us that of all objectionable kinds of literature, the most objectionable is the kind which purports to deal with that ancient topic, the Wages of Sin. The fault is in the obvious insincerity of the author's motives. Pretending to be entirely interested in the Wages, he almost invariably concentrates his attention on the Sin. There are very few plays and novels like Ibsen's "Ghosts," which leaves one in a condition of horrified disgust with the consequences of transgression. The plays and novels are innumerable which, for all their unhappy endings, leave behind them a very insinuating picture of the attractiveness of vice. Sometimes the impression is plain that the author has tacked on his unhappy ending as a mere matter of expediency. Having this pleasantly unconventional tale to tell, he is quite aware that in Anglo-Saxon countries his story must plead a moral purpose as its excuse. Wherefore the heroine shoots herself just before the final curtain. "Why, yes, of course," you almost hear the author say towards the end of the fourth act, "I almost forgot that the wages of sin is death; here goes."

In such plays and stories, it is to be noticed that sin is nearly always synonymous with sex. What we had to be thankful for, until very recently, was that the literature of transgression dealing in subjects other than sex did not find it necessary to assume the mark of virtue in order to carry the tale. Mr. Hornung's Raffles, for instance, has not reformed or been killed, up to last ac-

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counts. Mr. Arthur Stringer's fascinating wire-tappers and bank-burglars attract solely because their illicit adventures interest us. Arsène Lupin has his spasms of beneficence, as all well-regulated rascals in fiction should have; but Lupin is still unconverted and undefeated. These men have the sincerity of the heroes of the old picaresque novels. If they make evil-living attractive, there is no attempt to palliate the fact. If they make roguery unattractive, it is because their adventures speak for themselves, and carry no pious lesson at the end. For the only way to show that vice leads to pain and death is to show it. The old theologians did it by giving a paragraph or two to the sin and devoting all their fervid rhetoric to the torments of hell. They kept the right proportions.

Of late, however, the novel of roguery, as it is written in this country, has begun to hide itself under a moral mask. The latest wire-tapper ends his life in jail. The get-rich-quick financier "goes broke" on the last page. Even the title of the book is made to suggest a high moral purpose. But between the title and the last page we find the old delight in criminality for its own sake, and the general effect is the old impression of insincerity, of obvious pretence. In the newest story of this kind, our hero makes his entrance in the rôle of a Chicago telegraph operator working honestly but discontentedly for a salary of eighty dollars a month. He decides that he can do better. In company with an equally honest and discontented woman stenographer, he carries out a scheme for beating the bucket-shops by manipulating the "ticker" quotations from the New York Stock Exchange. By the exercise of commendable patience and ingenuity they build up a capital of a few thousand dollars. They go into the bucket-shop business on their own account. They amass a fortune and marry. The man acquires a varied assortment of vices that go with "easy" money, divorces his wife, marries again, builds himself a palace, fights for a place in society, and, in the end, goes utterly to smash. Moral: Don't tap wires and organize bucket-shops; because, even if you accumulate millions, you are bound to lose them, sooner or later, and go back to working for twenty dollars a week.

That, at least, is the moral our writer would have us accept. The true moral of the story is that this broad land of ours is full of "suckers" and "good things" waiting for the right man to come along and make use of them. It is a book which will set many an overworked and under-paid telegraph-operator to brooding over the possibilities of his trade. We could scarcely blame Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson or some other philosophic observer from abroad, if he were to cite this book as illustrative of the essential immorality of the American people. We are restive under the misdeeds of high-finance and at heart admire the methods of the get-rich-quick millionaire. Else, Mr. Dickinson might ask, why are such books written? There is no attempt here at psychological or social analysis; the moral is an obvious pretence; the methods by which the obscure telegraph-operator makes his fortune are not even ingenious or amusing. Evidently there must be an audience in this country that licks its chops over the mere thought of somebody selling somebody else a gold brick.

If such an audience there were, the fact would be regrettable; but it would be something at least to have the appeal made in a straightforward manner. And, to tell the truth, the appeal is made openly enough, if it were not for the smugly virtuous title and the conclusion:

> It was brutally hot in the street. The glare from the stone flagging hurt their eyes. Crowds of people toiled wearily along, jostling them. Behind was the stifling operating-room, with its hard, idiotic clatter, whither he would go as soon as he had a bite to eat, and work a commercial wire for three hours to eke out the eighty dollars a month that he got for working the stock wire. Oh, undoubtedly, this was what he wanted! They stopped on the hot, dirty cobblestones of the crossing to let a big, bottle-green automobile glide by. A man and a woman lolled negligently on the back seat. He didn't want anything like that himself! Oh, no!

This is a very comprehensible feeling. Why drag in the wages-of-sin doctrine at all?

FASHIONS AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

We are now at the opening of the joyful season when Nature and women's hats simultaneously break into a rich and bourgeoning existence. Nature, this coming spring, will probably wear the same style of verdure and sunlight she has hitherto affected. But for Easter millinery we are promised a delightful innovation in the form of those Chantecler hats in preparation for which the greatest dramatic poet of our times did not think it excessive to spend ten years of continuous labor and study. The stern moralist who never fails to lift his voice of protest on such occasions will, of course, raise his wonted plaint. He will point out how incorrigibly ridiculous is fashion when, in pursuit of "the up-to-date," she hesitates at nothing in the entire scale of organic or inorganic evolution that can be stuck upon the head or sewn upon a gown or carried in the hand. Our moralist may even lose his temper and assert that it is an insult to the French poet, to the drama as a whole, and to the dignity of the human mind, that M. Rostand's magnificently symbolic rooster should be degraded to the uses of the modiste. He might maintain that women, by ancient prescription, have a right to make themselves ridiculous; but that they have no right to render civilization ridiculous. He would not, of course, go so far as to refuse to accompany his wife to church in her new hat on Easter Sunday.

Such a moralist is constitutionally unable to see that, for all its absurdities and incongruities, fashion is, at bottom, a force for civilization and morality. It works in ways of its own. Its services are sometimes pitifully disproportionate to its efforts. But in this respect it is perhaps not very unlike such pretentious agents as revolutions, or political conventions, or wars, or treaties of peace, or earthquakes and inundations. As a mere educational force, women's styles are not to be despised. Chantecler millinery will at least make the name of a great dramatic poem familiar to millions of women who otherwise would never have heard of it, or, having heard it, would have immediately forgotten. It is probable that the shop-girl who buys her Easter hat will fail to associate it with M. Rostand and the Molière tradition. But then again she may. There are chances that the good-natured criticisms of various "gentlemen-friends" may lead to a dim searching, now and then, for the facts behind that impaled barnyard fowl. How many innocent purchasers of Trilby hats and Trilby shoes fifteen years ago were led in turn to read the book itself, and, perhaps, another of Du Maurier's books after that, and—who knows?—perhaps a good many other

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good novels after that? Literature, like every other phase of life, is not exempt from the philosopher's dictum that it pays to advertise. What would not any publicity agent pay to have every woman in the land carry his advertising bulletins on her head?

The influence of styles upon the hygiene of the body has also been sadly misunderstood. On this point, it is the traditional thing to expatiate on the evil results of constricting the human form into lines that Nature neither parallels nor approves. The stock comparison is drawn between modern woman in her artificial dress and the natural woman as typified in the Venus of Milo. This overlooks the simple fact that the modern woman, like the modern man, is physically the superior of her progenitor of a thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand years ago. Where physical degeneration exists we are inclined to believe that child labor in the factories, for instance, is probably more responsible than tight-lacing. But whatever may be the merits of this or that specific practice, it is only proper to admit that beneath the seemingly arbitrary fashion which decrees that this year everybody must be slim and next year everybody must be robust, there lurks a fine sense of justice, of democratic equality, and of that law of balance that rules the universe. Let us conceive that either the slender figure or the full figure were adopted as a permanent standard of fashion. Immediately one-half the world would be condemned to a position of permanent inferiority. We should have a fixed class of the beautiful and a fixed class of the ugly. It would be the caste system in a most undesirable form. By contrast, there is infinite justice in the law that once in so often the stout shall make themselves slender and once in so often the slender shall make themselves stout. It is a law which distributes the pains and the pleasures with more than human impartiality.

In a dozen ways it is possible to show how fashion acts as an educational and ethical force. The satirist is fond of railing at the fashionable women who play at charity. Yet it cannot be denied that if it were not fashionable to be interested in slumming, or to patronize nurseries and dispensaries in the tenement district, a large amount of good work would be lost. There are times when, as we learn from the "society" columns, it even becomes fashionable for mothers to be very fond of their children and to give them a good deal of attention. In Rousseau's day ladies of fashion brought their babies to the theatre and indulged in public demonstration of maternal affection. That, too, was a fashion to be grateful for. It probably did not hurt the child, and it surely did the mother a great deal of good.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, February 15.

"Living very close to Nature, the Maori was an acute observer of the ways of the wilds; he caught strange whisperings of unknown things, and his mind was saturated with the magic and mystery of the bush." There are novelties of many kinds in the outwardly and inwardly attractive volume on "The Maoris of New Zealand," by James Cowan (Christchurch, N. Z.: Whitcombe & Tombs)—stories and songs without end, recasts of historical narratives that had been unquestioningly accepted, rehandlings of old traditions and legends, fresh evidences of the track followed in the great migrations across the Pacific, new lights on Hauhauism, that Mormonlike breakaway from the religion of the hated colonists—but hardly anything will please the reader better than the many specimens of "the wisdom of the wilderness," culled in all quarters and garlanded here. The Maori was a nature-worshipper who, with a great wealth of imagination, personified all natural objects—the trees and the streams, rain and dew, mist and sunshine. He was familiar from of old with the stars, his forest-lore was as deep as his star-lore, and from the "soul-mastering" forest come delightful folk-tales, fairy yarns, and nature-myths that will be new to all readers. Sitting by the camp-fires on summer nights by the lake shore, in the homes and settlements of the more advanced tribes, or in the huts of the wild Ureweras, the sympathetic author gathered these songs and stories from the *kaumatuas*, the learned old men.

Not the Maori as he was is here described—that has been done to repletion; but the Maori as he is. Yet it is often the "survival of ancient faiths and ancient ways" that is painted. Here lies the distinctive originality of this interesting volume. Such survivals are disentangled. They are traceable in new folk-tales, examples of nature-lore and forest-craft, imprecations, invocations, and incantations. Some years ago Japanese scholars inquired about Maori poetry. There was then, and there is still, no adequate collection of it, but many finds occur in the present volume, and some of them are very beautiful. Dirges, songs of love and regret, canoe-songs, sentinel songs—all are here; the Maori instinctively poured himself into song.

The book has historical value. It gives a new account of the tragedy that darkened the early days of the colony—the massacre at Wairau—and first voices the Maori view of it. No more memorable siege than that of Orakau glorifies the Maori defence in the last heroic struggle for the possession of the land in 1864. Much about it, as hitherto narrated, appears to be mythical. The famous chief, Rewi Maniapoto, in Sir George Grey's mansion at Kawau, implicitly accepted, in the hearing of the present writer, the heroic part assigned to him by history and poetry. As he was absolutely honest as well as very brave, it is hard to believe that he deliberately imposed on Grey and his guest, as on his fellow-Maoris there—the Maori king and other chiefs. Yet the author asserts that the ascription was a myth. A new account from Maori lips is now given, very different from the accepted version, but, though stripping Rewi of his borrowed plumes, leaving his immortal three hundred on a level with their brothers at Thermopylæ.

New Zealand has witnessed two unique and memorable funerals—that of Dictator Seddon in 1906 and that of the Maori king twelve years before. At the exequies of Tawhiao all of old Maoridom was brought to life again; extinct customs were revived; the orations over the grave were rich in song and proverb, symbol and imagery; and the soul of the Maori was laid bare. Hardly in the history of a savage race has a function so impressive been witnessed; never before has it been so adequately described. We now learn that the interment was a blind. Like John Calvin, and for a similar reason, Tawhiao was buried in an unknown grave. We cannot too strongly commend a volume where so much that is new is combined with so much that is attractive. More than sixty highly finished engravings and a map of Maoriland enhance the value of the book.

It was a happy thought, which could have occurred only, perhaps, to an English lawyer, to describe the progress of international law by means of an analysis of leading cases that have been judicially determined and of the judgments given from the bench. Dr. Pitt Cobbett has for twenty years been dean of the faculty of law in the University of Sydney, and he has formed a large portion of the bar of New South Wales. We well understand the sources of his influence from the volume before us ("Leading Cases in International Law"; London: Stevens & Haynes). Purporting to be only a third edition of a work that has long enjoyed authority in England, it is really a new book. It has

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been completely recast, the more important parts rewritten and many new sections added. This course was rendered necessary by the momentous developments in international law that have taken place within the last ten years. With the possible exception of the work by Th. Baty, which has been announced, but has not yet reached Australia, the volume here named is the only English treatise that brings the subject down to the present time. The fifty or sixty cases examined are dissected with remarkable keenness, their results are stated with masterly precision, and their contributions to the advance of international law are in each instance summed up in one or more rules or principles that are logically deduced and lucidly formulated.

A large portion of the volume is for the jurist alone, and of this about one-fourth specially concerns the American jurist. But, outside of the more technical parts, there are instructive and interesting excursuses, where the lay student may follow from point to point the growth of the international organism. The author shows how it acquires quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial organs, and how there arises a new habit of international coöperation (pp. 10, 30). He discusses profitably the future of arbitration (pp. 40-41), and he makes the bold suggestion that, in certain cases, the leading states might withdraw from diplomatic intercourse with an offending state. Precisely this step was taken, we may add, when Great Britain refused to recognize the accession of King Peter to the throne of Servia as long as he retained in office his regicide ministers. Again, he builds up a whole section of international law when he defines "international persons" and describes their variety, writes of the "commencement of statehood," and tells of states that lie "outside the family of nations" (pp. 46-48). Apropos of an American case in the English Court of Chancery he discusses the whole doctrine of succession in international law (pp. 71-76), everywhere seizing and enforcing the principles that govern such cases. The immense variety of relations between a suzerain and a subject power is clearly stated.

How thoroughly up-to-date the work is will appear from the exhaustive excursus appended to the discussion of a case bearing on state boundaries. The new conception of vertical as well as lateral boundaries, involving the making of air territorial up to a certain height, is introduced (p. 106). When the author examines the Newfoundland Fisheries Arbitration, he educes five "important principles" disclosed by the progress of the controversy. The right of national expatriation, explicitly asserted by an act of Congress in 1860, leads the author to draw five "conclusions" that will deserve the scrutiny of publicists as well as jurists. Indeed, this volume on peace, with its successor on war, should form an indispensable handbook to all writers on international questions.

A substantial quarto volume of poetry ("Satyrs and Sunlight," by Hugh McCrae), so pretentious that it is issued solely to 130 subscribers, with Lord Dudley, the Governor-General of the Commonwealth, at their head—a book gorgeously decorated and dazzlingly illustrated by the most ambitious of Australian illustrators, should have something brilliant or something solid within it, if it is to satisfy the rather extravagant claims it outwardly makes. What shall we say of its contents? "Exotic" is the verdict the critic at once passes on this collection of poems. The characteristic Australian notes are absent; affinities with English poets, so visible in Gordon and Kendall, are untraceable; there is no manifest literary paternity or demonstrable affiliation. Mr. McCrae's verses strike the reader as being absolutely original—in theme, in treatment, in form, in color, and in music. The subjects of the poems are unhackneyed and sometimes lofty; the imagery is splendid or daring; and there is extraordinary power of visualization. Single lines show a poet's faculty of phrasing, and now and then a quatrain has the lilt of song. At other times missing or defective rhymes detract from our enjoyment of the author's finest verses. "Poems of the fancy," they might have been classified by Wordsworth, who would have denied that, with their lack of soberness, if not of sanity, they are poems of the constructive imagination. They nevertheless challenge attention and would possibly reward a close examination.

T. G. Tucker is professor of classics in the University of Melbourne. A Cambridge scholar of repute, he is devoted to the minute scholarship that has been typical of Cambridge since the days of Richard Bentley, and he is an acknowledged master in the art of amending ancient texts. In this department he has been more successful than Bentley, and his new readings in the text of Æschylus have been accepted by so celebrated a Grecian as Prof. Lewis Campbell. We could spare him from such high tasks a while, if he would only employ his hours of recreation in a manner that would be as easy to himself and more useful to us. But where is the utility of publishing a number of lectures and essays ("Things Worth Thinking About"; Melbourne: T. C. Lothian) such as dozens of men could write as well? These essays on The Teachings of History, The Teachings of Travel, Literary Judgment, and the like are excellent, but they are not the kind of work the lay reader expects from his scholastic teachers. Why is it that, among American and English scholars, there is such a dearth of those who are willing to instruct us in the popular aspects of Greek and Roman life and literature? France abounds in them: J. J. Ampère in a past generation, Gaston Boissier more recently, Paul Masqueray and Maurice Croiset at this hour (to mention only these) have made ancient Rome, Roman public life, the ideas of Euripides, and Greek comedy themes of living interest to all intelligent readers. No one could do work of this kind better than Professor Tucker. As these essays show, he is a master of the art of luminous presentment. Could he not reconstruct for us some neglected phase of the domestic life of old Athens or Miletus, or narrate to us the politics of the Aventine, like a recent French essayist, founding on the work of a recent archæologist?

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Twenty-five years ago Charles Plumptre Johnson, in his "Bibliography of Thackeray," pointed out that there existed two different forms of title-page of "The Four Georges," 1861. That of the earlier form, of which Johnson had seen a single copy only, reads, "The Four Georges: | Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, | and Town Life. | By | W. M. Thackeray," etc. In the later issue the second and third lines were cut out. Shepherd and Melville give only the second form, "The Four Georges. By W. M. Thackeray." Anderson gives the correct form, but adds: "The title-page of the British Museum copy reads 'The Four Georges' only."

In the expectation of bringing to light some such variations in text as he recently discovered in the "Lectures on the English Humourists," the Bibliophile has compared the two books, reading the entire text of the four essays, word for word. No other typographical variations have been discovered, and it may be safely stated that the two issues are identical, and printed from the same setting of types, or more probably from the same stereotype plates. Nor was the altered title of the second issue a substituted one pasted on the stub of the earlier leaf, as is the case of some other books. The title and half-title (which together make the first signature) are the same sheet and continuous. The two lines, "Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, | and Town Life," appear on the half-title of both issues. There is another point of difference between the two books which seems not to have been pointed out before. The Catalogue bound in at the end of the first issue is dated "November, 1861," and the notice of "The Four Georges," on page 2, is without price. The Catalogue in the second issue is dated December, 1861, and "With Illustrations" and "Price 5s. cloth" have been added to the notice of the book. The sub-title is given in both cases. The book was, apparently, published late in 1861. "The Four Georges," which had been delivered as lectures, first in America in 1855, and in England the next year, were first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* in the later months of 1860. The American edition, published by Harper & Bros., is dated 1860. This, printed, it may be

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supposed, from the *Magazine*, is probably the actual first edition. It also has the subtitle, "Sketches of Manners," etc. One misprint in the English edition, "twenty-five sale of the line" (p. 217), is correctly printed "sail of the line" in the New York edition.

The magnificent private library of the late Amor L. Hollingsworth of Milton, Mass., will be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co. in Boston on April 12, 13, and 14, two sessions each day. The catalogue, a thick volume of nearly 400 pages, describing 1891 lots, contains thirty-six reproductions of title-pages and thirty half-tone plates of bindings. The collection of Americana is perhaps the best offered at auction since the Deane sale; indeed, several items are from that collection, and others are from well-known libraries which have been dispersed during the last thirty years in Libbie's rooms. Among the rarer items relating to New England, we may note Smith's "General Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles" (1624), the Deane copy; "Plain Dealing: or Newes from New England" (1642), by Thomas Lechford, the first lawyer in Boston; Johnson's "History of New England" (1654), better known by its running title, "Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour, in New England"; Josselyn's "Account of Two Voyages to New England" (1674); Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England" (1726); Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War" (1736), the Balcom copy, which brought $445 in 1901; and Backus's "History of New England, with particular reference to the Denomination of Christians called Baptists," 4 vols. (1777-1784). Other important items of Americana are: Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" (1609); Romans's "Natural History of East and West Florida" (1775); Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee" (1823); Smith's "History of Nova Caesaria, or New Jersey" (1765); Drayton's "Memoir of the American Revolution" (1821), uncut; Anne Bradstreet's "Poems," third edition (1758); and not less than twenty-one books by the Mathers. A Harvard College book worthy of special mention is the Brinley copy, on thick paper in a special tooled binding of red morocco, of that curious book "Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis Apud Novanglos" (Boston, 1761). This is a collection of thirty-one poems in Latin, Greek, and English by the faculty or graduates of Harvard, written on the death of George II and the accession of George III. These thick-paper copies, according to Justin Winsor, were prepared for presentation to members of the royal family, and were probably sent over to Thomas Hollis, who had them specially bound. The copy presented to George III is in New York city.

Among older English books we may note the following: Froissart's "Chronicles," Lord Berner's translation, Vol. I printed by William Middylton and Vol. II by Richard Pynson (1525); Ben Jonson's "Workes" (1616-1640); Montaigne's "Essays," translated by John Florio, the first edition (1603), with all three leaves of Errata; Chaucer's "Woorkes," the fourth edition (1561); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition (1621); Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" (1622); Donne's "Poems," first edition (1633); Milton's "Paradise Lost" (1668), and "Paradise Regained" (1671); and Wither's "Emblems" (1635), the Brayton Ives copy.

Of English nineteenth century authors notable volumes are: Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (1820); Keats's "Endymion" (1818); Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807); Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" (1848); and a set of the four numbers of the *Germ*, that very rare periodical published by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in which first appeared "The Blessed Damozel" and other poems by Rossetti.

The first editions of American authors are few in number, but several first-class rarities are included. Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (1829), described as being uncut, is the most important. A long list of Emblem books; a fine copy (from the Gerald E. Hart collection) of the famous "Nuremberg Chronicle"; books illustrated by Cruikshank; publications of the Grolier Club, Bibliographical Society, and the Caxton Club; a set of Goupil's "Historical Monographs," beautifully illustrated with photogravures; and publications of the Kelmscott and other presses are included.

Many of the books are in very handsome specimen bindings by the best English, French, and American binders.

Part of Edward Everett Hale's library was sold in New York last Thursday. Some of the more important items were as follows: A copy of the privately printed issue of James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" (Cambridge, 1865), containing an autograph inscription on the fly-leaf reading, "E. E. Hale, with the sincere regards of J. R. Lowell, 3d Sept'r, 1865," sold to "Champlain" for $490; a copy of the privately printed "Poems of Maria Lowell," with Dr. Hale's signature on the fly-leaf, $40; Lowell's copy of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, vols. 3-6 of Whittingham's miniature edition of eight volumes, printed at the Chiswick Press, London, in 1828, to F. W. Morris for $48; a rare broadside, "To all True Southern Men! Shall Kansas be Surrendered to the Abolitionists?" $20; first editions of eight parts of Robert Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," $61 (F. R. Arnold); and St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei cum Commento Thomas Valois Nicolai Trivetti," folio, no date or place, but printed by Johann Mentelin at Strassburg, between 1466 and 1468, $77 (order).

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some readers may have been led, in the course of recent discussions of the Carnegie Foundation in your columns, into a misapprehension upon one point. It was a satisfaction to find that my letter in the issue of February 3 had elicited President Jordan's illuminating communication. For it appears from Dr. Jordan's statement that the action which the members of the board of trustees intended to take with respect to service pensions is open to somewhat less severe criticism than is the action which was officially promulgated by the president of the Foundation as having been taken by them. Dr. Jordan seems to be in error, however, in supposing that the resolutions of the board, which he cites, have had much to do with determining the actual position officially taken in this matter by the Foundation. The annual report, in announcing and interpreting the recent abolition of the system of service pensions, includes no such qualifying clauses as those which Dr. Jordan mentions. Faint adumbrations of two of these qualifications are, indeed, dimly recognizable in the report; the third (which alone is entirely pertinent to the ethical question raised in my letter) is conspicuous by its absence. The incident seems to throw a certain light upon the internal economy of the Carnegie Foundation; a consideration of the facts thus made manifest may be profitable to presidents, professors, and governing boards in "accepted institutions." The board of trustees of the Foundation is a relatively representative body; but its power of effective control over the Foundation's policy seems more limited than one had supposed.

ARTHUR A. LOVEJOY.

Columbia, Mo., March 18.

MORRIS HICKY MORGAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the third time within three years the department of classics at Harvard University has been deprived by death of the services of a distinguished scholar at the height of his powers. Neither Minton Warren nor John Henry Wright passed the limits of middle life, and Morris Hicky Morgan now follows them at the age of fifty-one. These successive losses, while falling most heavily upon Harvard, have grievously impaired the strength of American classical scholarship as a whole.

Professor Morgan's activity in the university was many-sided. He combined to an unusual degree the temperaments of the scholar and of the man of affairs, and in both capacities he rendered able service. Throughout most of his life he carried a heavy burden of administrative work, serving on important committees and taking active part in the deliberations of the faculty. As university marshal he long had charge of formal academic meetings, and gave much thought and labor to the proper conduct of such ceremonies. His interest in the university library, of the governing council of which he was a valued member, will be permanently commemorated by the Persius collection, which he gave to it only a few months before his death. As a teacher he was both exacting and stimulating. Himself the product of strict philological discipline, he maintained severe standards of judgment; but his scholarship was by no means arid or narrow. He had fine literary feeling and power of expression, both in Latin and in English; and his interests comprehended not only linguistics and literature, but also the history, politics, and religion of the ancient world. He was deeply concerned, too, about the adjustment of classical studies to the changing conditions of modern education. In spite of all his responsibilities and routine duties, he found time for many scholarly publications, and he left uncompleted a translation of Vitruvius which, with the commentary that was planned to accompany it, would have been a monument to his learning.

Mr. Morgan was a man of vigorous mind and character, with well-defined opinions

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and strong feelings on most of the questions at issue within or without the academic world. In the discussion and settlement of these questions, consequently, he displayed a strong personality; effective in support, where he gave support, and always candid and generous in opposition. As such, he will be remembered with respect by all his colleagues; and by many of them, and of the other men among whom he lived, he will be remembered also with affection as a warm friend, especially to be counted on in times of trouble. F. N. R.

Cambridge, Mass., March 18.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All we Provincials are watching the great popular movement now going on in America against the corrupt protectionist rings and the Trusts. How will it end? Is the combination too strong to be broken by the people? Of all the Trusts the worst is the Gloucester Fish Ring. Every one knows that all the fish and herring caught on the west coast of Newfoundland are taken by the natives, and *sold* to the American schooners. This bought fish is passed into the States as *"the sole product of American industry."* Every one concerned knows that it is a transparent falsehood. Taxes on the people's food are opposed to all sound political economy. The result of this excessive tax on fish more than its intrinsic value is to make fish, and especially herrings, enormously dear—250 per cent. higher than they are in Europe. Herrings are the food of the poor all over the British Isles, selling for two cents apiece, whereas in the United States they are never below five cents. If the duties were taken off, Newfoundland and Canada could supply America with any quantity of cheap fish, both fresh and salt. The new "Solling" method of sending fresh fish has been tried here and is a perfect success. Even with the heavy duty an enterprising Newfoundland merchant is sending cod by this method to New York. To us outsiders it seems a most absurd state of affairs that all America should eat dear fish for the sake of the Gloucester ring. The joke of it all is that nine-tenths of the protected fishermen are not Americans, but Provincials. D. W. Prowse.

St. John's, Newfoundland, March 14.

THE KING'S SHILLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Holberg's comedy of "Erasmus Montanus," the dénouement is brought about by a curious device. In order to correct the disputatious tendencies of Montanus, an officer is made to trick him into enlisting for a soldier. The officer bets Montanus he cannot prove it the duty of a child to beat his parents. Montanus, who can prove anything, has no difficulty with this proposition, and wins the ducat of the bet. Thereupon the officer informs him that he is enlisted, for whoever has received the King's money is his soldier. (Act V, scene ii.) According to John Ashton ("Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," chapter xxxix), this method for obtaining recruits was resorted to in Marlborough's England:

The Queen's shilling, once being taken, or even sworn to have been taken, and attestation made, there was no help for the recruit, unless he was bought out.

The author refers to Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," in which Sergeant Kite plays the same trick as the lieutenant in "Erasmus Montanus." He persuades two drunken countrymen to receive the Queen's portrait in gold, and then declares they are enlisted, for they have received a gold angel of the Queen's money. (Act. II, scene iii.) Farquhar's play was presented in April, 1706, during the period of Holberg's stay in England. Holberg's faculty for assimilating foreign literatures is well known. Peder Paars is an obvious son of Gulliver. The borrowings from Molière are innumerable. It is interesting to suppose that Holberg may have taken his suggestion for the lieutenant's trick from a play seen or read in England.

Joseph Warren Beach.

University of Minnesota, March 16.

VIRGINIA AND SECESSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of Mr. B. B. Munford's book, "Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession," occurs the following sentence: "If, as Mr. Munford insists, Virginia seceded simply because the Federal government resorted to coercion, the conclusion is unavoidable that the State preferred to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance rather than to attain an admittedly higher one by Federal aid." The present writer does not pose as any violent champion of secession, but he cannot see that the conclusion you draw is unavoidable. If, as Mr. Munford insists, and as you admit, for argument, Virginia seceded merely because of coercion, she would have continued to emancipate her slaves and would probably have emancipated them in larger numbers when free from the irritation of partisan struggle within the Union. The sentiment of Virginia before 1833 is suggestive of what it might have been again under quieter conditions.

Also, instead of consciously preferring "to continue on a low social plane under its own guidance," Virginia might not have realized that remaining in the Union would have been attaining a "higher one by Federal aid." She might believe that the Republicans were telling the truth in their promise not to interfere with slavery in the States, or she might not believe them and suspect that slaves were to be freed, not by Federal aid, but by Federal compulsion.

The conclusion you draw does not, therefore, seem unavoidable. The case did not present itself to Virginia as simply a case of a lower or a higher plane of life. The lower plane might remain should she stay in the Union, the higher plane might be found if she went out. No one knew.

D. R. Anderson.

Richmond, Va., February 21.

"WORDSWORTHSHIRE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Again and again and yet again, in lectures and essays on the literary associations of the English Lake District, and in popular books of travel, one hears or reads the statement, "'Wordsworthshire,' as Lowell called it." But did he? If so, where? Not, certainly, in his essay on Wordsworth. He uses the word there, to be sure, but the context shows that by it he meant the mental domain of William Wordsworth rather than any particular locality. The passage runs:

If we consider carefully where he was most successful, we shall find that it was not so much in description of natural scenery, or delineation of character, as in vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects and events upon his own mind, and of the shape and hue (perhaps momentary) which they in turn took from his mood or temperament. His finest passages are always monologues. He had a fondness for particulars, and there are parts of his poems which remind us of local histories in the undue relative importance given to trivial matters. He was the historian of Wordsworthshire. This power of generalization (for it is as truly a power of generalization) is what gives such vigor and greatness to single lines and sentiments of Wordsworth, and to poems developing a single line of thought or word. It was this that made him so fond of the sonnet.

As this is sufficiently unambiguous, how does it happen that so many seem to misread it? The explanation is, I think, simple: in the introduction to his account of the Lake District, in Baedeker's "Great Britain," Mr. J. F. Muirhead wrote:

Readers need scarcely be reminded of the Lake School of Poetry. Wordsworth in particular has made the district his own ("Wordsworthshire," as Lowell calls it), etc.

This was conveyed by Dr. Rolfe into "The Satchel Guide" in this form, "'Wordsworthshire,' as Lowell aptly calls the English Lake District"; and the statement is merely repeated by those who depend on their guide-books for their erudition.

Wm. Dallam Armes.

University of California, February 24.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I could not have "conveyed" (does Mr. Armes use the word in the Elizabethan sense?) the term "Wordsworthshire" from Baedeker's "Great Britain," which I had not seen, if indeed the book was published, before I quoted it in my "Select Poems of Wordsworth," 1889, after having used it in a lecture on Wordsworth at least ten years earlier.

I probably took it from Lowell's essay on Wordsworth, where I still think it has a distinct reference to the Lake district. Lowell has just said that parts of Wordsworth's poems remind him of "local histories"; and he adds: "He was the historian of Wordsworthshire." I can see that the context may also suggest a figurative reference to the poet's "mental domain," so intimately connected with his home and his works, as well as to the geographical locality which has given him his title as a "Lake poet." I have no quarrel with those who may not agree with me. I am quite sure that I sent Lowell a copy of my book, with the leaf turned down at the page, and that he made no objection to my giving him the credit of coining the word and applying it to the district.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., March 16.

G. P. R. JAMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think Mrs. Roger Pryor's recollections of my father (G. P. R. James) must

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be a little colored. I never heard him use the expression "By George!" which in her "Reminiscences" she puts into his mouth at every turn. If "Jove" or "Jingo" were substituted for "George" (his own name), it would be a shade more characteristic; but he was not addicted to asseverations of any kind.

I remember Gen. Pryor well. I do not think he had the reputation of being a very extreme fire-eater, at Richmond. The Potter bowie-knife incident may have given it to him in the North. Mrs. Pryor seems to say that he never owned slaves, and therefore was not likely to be an extreme apostle of slavery—only a Virginian who "went with his State." C. L. JAMES.

Eau Claire, Wis., March 22.

Literature.

A COMPANION FIGURE TO LAFAYETTE.

The Life and Memoirs of Count Régis de Trobriand, Major-General in the Army of the United States. By his daughter, Marie Caroline Post. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

When after the death of Gen. de Trobriand the Loyal Legion of the United States declared in their resolutions in his honor that he was the only native of France except Lafayette who had attained rank so high in the service of the United States, no mistake was made in mentioning the two men together. Both were members of the *haute noblesse;* both became imbued with the American spirit; each at a great crisis of our history upheld with his sword the cause of the United States. Though the name of Lafayette is more familiar to American ears than that of de Trobriand, his service to our country was probably no more able and unselfish than that of the later champion. Lafayette returned to play a great part in his native land; to de Trobriand the door was open to a similar course, in the crisis, so terrible for France, of 1870. He preferred to remain an American, giving his years of vigor to the country he adopted. Had he followed the precedent of Lafayette, one feels he might easily have risen in the old world to a similar leadership. The merits of this fine character have been obscured, and it is fortunate that they are at last set forth in a noble biography.

A family record more picturesque and thrilling than that which Mrs. Post unfolds it would be hard to imagine. The founder of the line, an Irish adventurer on the continent, went back with William the Conqueror. A descendant returned with the Black Prince, in the fourteenth century, to Brittany. He received nobility and estates, among others the fief of Trobriand, and henceforth, so long as monarchy endured, the de Trobriands played a part in the armies. In the time of Louis XV, the grandfather of our subject, in exile from his home, married in Spain the daughter of the Governor of Venezuela, a lady whose nephew was the famous Bolivar, the "Washington of South America." The career of the grandfather was for the most part in the Western world; he returned, however, from exile on the eve of the French Revolution, only to die in poverty and in hiding in Paris, in 1801. The de Trobriands of the next generation, three sons and three daughters, all experienced the most varied and romantic fortunes. The reader finds himself sometimes in an atmosphere like that of "Les Trois Mousquetaires"—of light-heartedness, frivolity, dare-devil intrepidity, whether the matter in hand be a trifle or a kingdom. A jostle in a theatre or a jeer in the street becomes straightway an occasion for a duel to the death with rapiers. A stripling de Trobriand, picking his way through the mud in front of the barracks of a rival regiment, hears laughing comments from three officers: "Regardez mademoiselle qui a peur de se crotter les pieds." At once a challenge; the laughers in turn are dexterously stretched out and pay the penalty by a term in hospital. In the cataclysm which overtakes the *ancien régime* the lightheartedness persists, but the *insouciance* deepens into heroism. The same de Trobriand, it was the younger uncle of our subject, was in 1806 an aide of Davout, and carried to Napoleon, at Jena, the news of the victory of Auerstadt—good news for the Emperor, but received with ill-nature by Bernadotte and Ney, who begrudged the glory to a rival. The nonchalance of a mere cub involved in the very whiskers of such lions amuses and amazes. François, the elder uncle, a superb Breton sailor, attained distinction at sea. Sent by the Emperor, in 1809, in a fast-sailing frigate, with important dispatches for Martinique, he ran the gantlet of the entire English fleet. Cutting in two with his prow a ship that threw itself in his path, and exchanging broadsides with the rest, he swept on toward land. There he beached his vessel when capture seemed inevitable, promptly blew her up, escaping, however, with his crew and fully accomplishing his errand. The younger uncle rose to be a general of the Empire. The careers of the three aunts were scarcely less full of adventure.

The most notable career of the six was that of Joseph, the father of Régis. At nineteen, during the Terror, escaping across the Rhine, he took service as an *émigré* with the Austrian army, against the Directory and Consulate. He attracted the attention of the Archduke Charles, had a share in some victories and more defeats, but, always intrepid, won at last a high distinction, the medal of Maria Theresa. The two nations becoming allied after Austerlitz, and the stability of France appearing secure under Napoleon, Joseph took advantage of the amnesty and attached himself to the fortunes of the Empire. His intrepidity was manifest on small occasions as well as great. He beards Murat, when King of Naples, for not inviting him to a ball, and brings him to terms, and even braves the wrath of the Emperor himself in claiming a ribbon promised but long withheld. But all was forgiven to a soldier so brave. He was fearless in every campaign: he soon rose to be general, in 1812 was chief-of-staff of Count Lobau, in Russia, where he endured all but death; he was among the most energetic in fighting off the final catastrophes. He was especially distinguished in 1813 at Lützen and Bautzen. At the latter battle, observing that the Breton recruits, not understanding French, could not obey their officers, he put himself at their head, and, inspiriting them in their own dialect, stormed the key-position obstinately defended, thereby winning victory. Joseph de Trobriand served Napoleon well, bearing on his body no less than eleven wounds.

Régis de Trobriand was born in 1816, at Tours, where his father was in command. The family under the new régime loyally supported the Bourbon throne, received amnesty for the past, and enjoyed their ancient estates and privileges. While still a young child, as a noble who could boast "sixteen quarterings," he was appointed a page to the child who was expected to rule France as Henri V. In 1830, however, the house of Orleans displaced the older branch; the de Trobriands remained firm in their allegiance and fell into disfavor. Since a public career was closed to Régis, his education went on in the ordinary way. He was a good scholar at the University of Tours, and afterward studied law at Rennes. A chance invitation from a friend in 1841 brought him to New York, where marriage with an American heiress fixed his destiny. Had the Bourbon line recovered its place in France, de Trobriand would probably have been among its upholders. His life during early manhood was passed partly in the New World, but sometimes in the Old, especially at Venice, where the Comte de Chambord, "Henri V," in exile, maintained a kind of court. In 1848 the Orleans dynasty came to an end, but without a restoration for the Bourbons, whose hopes waned utterly after the *coup d'état* of 1851.

During these years de Trobriand was a man of elegant leisure. He had great versatility, painted with skill, was accomplished in music, a good amateur actor; above all, a writer, both in French and English, of marked grace and *esprit*, combined with virile force.

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In these years of waiting he was a dilettante and man of fashion rather than an earnest striver, but no *fainéant*. Once, at Venice, he swam seven miles, then immediately rowed an equal distance against the current, his companion in the feat being the Bourbon pretender "Henri V." He knew the writers and artists of both worlds, by whom he was well received. He undertook in New York the *Revue du Nouveau Monde*, and, when this proved unsuccessful, gave his strength to the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Here, as a musical and dramatic critic especially, he much influenced the public taste.

The hour struck for de Trobriand in 1861. Under his light occupations, a man of sense and strength, he had studied thoroughly the American crisis, and now at once chose his side, by no means as an unthinking *sabreur* with an itch for adventure, but as a champion well-schooled and conscientious of the cause of the North. For five hundred years and more his line had been one of soldiers. Now at forty-five, he found the opportunity through which he could manfully carry forward the family tradition. As colonel of the Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers, the nucleus of which was the Lafayette Guards, he took the field promptly. He did brilliant service at Williamsburg; then, after prostration by malarial fever, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On the second day at Gettysburg his brigade held long the exposed angle at the Peach Orchard against the onset of Longstreet. It was withdrawn only when reduced by nearly one-half, the survivors in good heart and cheering their commander as he led them to a new position not less dangerous. On the third day they continued on the left the line of the Second Corps in the repulse of Pickett from Cemetery Ridge. Later, on the Rappahannock, and, in 1864, on the James, he was in the thick of conflicts which might have daunted even his forebears, the doughty heroes of the First Empire. He rose to the command of his division, and to the temporary command of the Second Corps, the strength of his arm lending weight at the very last to the *coups de grace* at Five Forks and Appomattox.

Mrs. Post does not deal in detail with her father's civil war experiences, but refers her readers to his "Quatre Ans de campagnes à l'Armée du Potomac," a work he published in Paris in 1867, designed especially to affect European opinion. The "Quatre Ans" is a most intelligent military record, but has been especially useful perhaps for its lucid vindication, in the introduction, of the cause of the North. Before this work came from the press, de Trobriand had accepted a colonelcy in the regular army, where he did perhaps his most arduous, if not his most dangerous, service, until he reached the retiring age. He was set to curb the Indians in Dakota and Montana, wildernesses then unbroken, where he passed winter after winter in huts upon the bleakest prairies and mountains. Here, while holding in check Sitting Bull, or conducting with perfect success winter campaigns against the fiercest tribes, he filled up the intervals by acquiring the language of the Sioux, so that he could talk to them without an interpreter, and by learning the secrets of the waste. In strange contrast with this life were his occasional leaves of absence, spent in the midst of what is brightest and most refined in New York and Paris. One vacation, however, was for him a dreary time. He was in France, where, the Germans having retired, the days of the Commune were at hand. His acceptance was sought of a high command in France, a place from which, veteran and man of sense that he was, he might easily have gone on to leadership. A pathetic letter of this time shows his heart-break over the misfortunes of his native land, but he could not give up his new allegiance: he remained an American, seeming to feel that in the New World he could best make his manhood tell.

His latest service was in struggling with the Mormon imbroglio in Utah and the Reconstruction disorders in Louisiana. In this rather dismal business his tact and sound judgment were no less conspicuous than had before been his valor in the field. Now and then, circumstances made it proper for him (a rare chance for a soldier) to counter with his pen upon civilian schemers who sought to defy him to the public detriment. His deliverances here are notable specimens of English—rapier-thrusts of polished and stinging sarcasm at the pretensions of his adversaries. The point which, in quieter times, had so often pricked the negligent songsters of the Grand Opera to better work was now fleshed savagely in game of a different feather, the harpies that infest the body-politic.

De Trobriand, after retirement, enjoyed many pleasant years. He was much in New Orleans, much in New York, and especially happy in Paris and the picturesque Breton country in which he was born. Among his intimates were the best soldiers, artists, and *littérateurs*, both of the Old World and the New. He died in 1897, in his eighty-second year—a man naturally gifted and elegantly accomplished, clothed to the last with the best traits of the old *haute noblesse* of his birthland, and yet thoroughly an American who had sealed his faith with the manliest striving.

Mrs. Post has done her work in her father's memory with grace and skill. We hesitate to note as a blemish, the printing of many papers and letters in French without translation. These pages, lucid, and effervescent with the best Gallic *verve*, give fine and appropriate character to the record, and the reading of them will certainly not embarrass greatly the public to which the book appeals. We hope the fascinating story will be taken as convincing proof that in Régis de Trobriand we have for our history a proper companion figure to Lafayette.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Counterpart. By Hornor Cotes. New York: The Macaulay Co.

The civil war story has come to be a rather perfunctory affair of late. Those who, in one sense or other, assisted at the struggle seem to have pretty well exhausted their fund of anecdote and generalization; and the younger chronicler finds himself in a kind of doldrums between, as it were, two favorable "slants of wind." He is neither sufficiently contemporary nor sufficiently posterior to interpret the events of the fateful sixties with freedom. The author of "The Counterpart" has an exceptionally vivid sense of the atmosphere of war days—more than a touch of the warmth and vividness which belong to Mr. Cable's stories of that period. The history and the romance of it are more than commonly well-fused: neither seems to have been introduced for the sake of the other. An impatient reader might object to the Dromio idea upon which the action is founded. "The counterpart" is a young Union staff-officer who is able to act the spy successfully in Richmond at a critical moment through his close resemblance to a cousin who is in the Confederate army, and has been taken prisoner. Of course, he makes love to a beautiful and innocent Southern girl; of course, she scorns him (see cover) when she learns that he is not what he has seemed; and, of course, they are reconciled and united after the war is over, to the satisfaction of all concerned. But no discerning novel-reader to-day will complain that his novel of the moment has the same old plot. The invention of a new combination of circumstance is a cheap if amusing trick. What we really look for with eagerness is the story-teller who can breathe the breath of life into the old immortal matter. The author of "The Counterpart" is not a great story-teller; but he has evidently told this story because it interested him, and not because he thought it was about time he wrote a novel. For so much, and for something more, he deserves our thanks and good wishes.

The Top of the Morning. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

This is a story of "Us," a little group

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of writing, painting, modelling folk, who lead the life of private inspiration and social independence which has, one sometimes suspects, greater glamour in print than in reality. It would be only fair to offset Gissing against Du Maurier if one wished to judge of the studio life on literary evidence. However, though the present spectator sees her artists rosily, there is nothing fatuous in her regard for them. The band of intimates which calls itself "Us" includes a caricaturist, a short-story writer, a sculptor, an illustrator, two budding playwrights, and a boy, son of the illustrator. At her flat, every Sunday night, the group gathers; the central figure is Paul, the sculptor, whom they all adore and look up to. An implicit bond of sincerity in life and workmanship secures the little society. Several of them are tempted in one way or another to cut themselves off from the cherished association; but the group remains whole in spite of everything—even the marriage of Paul to an outsider. Charlotte, the illustrator and hostess, and Donna, the young story-writer, represent the modern type of comrade-woman. They enjoy the freest and most unconventional companionship with the members of the group who chance to be masculine. Everybody is My Dear to everybody else, and friendly hand clasps hand regardless of the accident of sex. This is understood to be a very admirable and comfortable state of things: one is glad to gather, as if from the reluctant admission of the author, that even in this happy family of Art, such human emotions as love and jealousy and suffering do eventually intrude. But the wholesomeness of these people, after all our weary experience of the studio bounder and the studio cat, is what we must be most grateful for. It is now more commonly admitted that flabbiness of wili and shabbiness of personal habit are not the chosen handmaidens of Art, even as spelled with a capital.

The Screen. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

If the Evangelicals seem to have been having it their own way in fiction of late years, that is because their methods are more popular, not to say sensational, than those of the conservative Churchman. But the Churchman has not been idle. Probably few Americans have read or heard of the seven or eight novels by the present writer, which have preceded "The Screen"—all of them breathing the atmosphere of the Established Church. The most grateful thing about the present narrative is its occasional Trollopean flavor. The Lerchester clericals are lineal descendants of the Barchester worthies. The stern and ambitious parson of "Crolly Magna," who becomes Bishop of Lerchester, has many of the traits of our old acquaintance Archdeacon Grantly, and the meek Vicar of St. Saviour's is strongly reminiscent of Warden Harding.

But there is an undeniably sensational element in the plot of "The Screen" from which Trollope would have shrunk. It is, to be sure, the most ancient of sensations. In youth, and before taking orders, the Bishop has betrayed and deserted a good girl. There is nothing disgraceful about her family or breeding, but she does not measure to the standard of his ambition. She bears a son, and is later married to a good man who understands and forgives everything. On her death-bed, she gives her son letters written by his father. Presently the father becomes Bishop of Lerchester. The tendency in his new see has been toward ritual and disestablishment. The Bishop is a Low Churchman, and one of his first acts is to order the removal of a crucifix from a choir screen in St. Saviour's which has been the dying gift of the woman he had wronged. This is too much for the long-suffering son, who, as editor of a local journal, has it in his power to publish the incriminating letters and ruin the Bishop's career. This he threatens to do if the screen is interfered with. Through the intervention of the good old vicar, this catastrophe is prevented. The screen is mutilated, but the Bishop's conscience is aroused, and he resigns his office. The son agrees that he cannot make public confession of his fault, on account of the harm it would do the Church—a position which only the dissenting mind would incline to challenge. The really disconcerting thing to the outsider is the blandness with which this clerical interpreter reports the unseemly squabbles of his clergymen among themselves—the slang and flippancy with which their discussion of Church matters is interlarded. Surely, the present writer exaggerates in representing his parsons shouting for the merits of High or Low Church observance with the gesture and accent of angry drummers.

Peggy the Daughter. By Katherine Tynan. New York: Cassell & Co.

This is a pretty, spinsterly tale of love and sacrifice, such as might have been written for a larger audience a generation ago. If its eighteenth-century speech is a trifle absurd, and its machinery a trifle obvious, it will fare none the worse with the particular constituency to which it is addressed—still a fairly large constituency even in this sophisticated day. Peggy is the daughter of a spendthrift nobleman, who adores the memory of Peggy's sainted mother, but abducts a comely Quakeress for her money. The Quakeress does not mind, having long cherished a hopeless passion for the gentleman. But her father does. Unfortunately, the nobleman shoots one of his pursuers, and what with the business of abducting and the business of shooting, is sent to prison by a harsh judge for twenty years or so. Peggy grows up, and falls in love unwittingly with the son of the harsh judge—a manifest impropriety. But there are ways out of such dilemmas for even the least adroit story-teller, which Miss Tynan is not. How Peggy releases her lover to another woman, how she becomes acquainted with the harsh judge and the other woman, how the other woman in her turn withdraws, and the harsh judge pardons Peggy's father and takes Peggy to his fatherly-in-law bosom—all this is related with a good deal of grace and some fervor. It is very ingenuous, unfeignedly sentimental—the right thing (from one point of view) for the young person—the safe thing for the matron who dreads the nerve-racking influence of the novel in which real life is approached from any point of view whatever.

BABYLONIA AND THE BIBLE.

Amurru, The Home of the Northern Semits. By Albert T. Clay. Philadelphia: Sunday-School Times Co.

There are some archæological problems, which, like the poor, are always with us. One of these is the relation of Babylonian culture to the religion and tradition of the Hebrews. At an early stage in the study of the cuneiform inscriptions, it was recognized that the material unearthed by excavations in Babylonia and Assyria would have important bearings on the myths and traditions of the Old Testament. The finding of creation and deluge stories among the clay tablets of the royal library of Nineveh which bore striking resemblances to the Biblical tales gave an impetus to a comparative study of the religious conceptions of Hebrews and Babylonians, with the result that, owing to the great antiquity of the Babylonian texts, the disposition of scholars was to make the Hebrews borrowers from the Babylonians. The problem, however, soon assumed more complicated aspects, when it became necessary to account for the equally important points of divergence between the Hebrew and Babylonian traditions. Whereas the Babylonian tales were clearly and unmistakably mythical—both the creation and deluge stories representing the conflict of the seasons—in the Old Testament, the general disposition was to minimize the mythical features and to bring the folk-lore of primitive culture into accord with advanced monotheistic conceptions of the government of the universe. The more cautious scholars recognized that since the process involved in thus transforming myths into illustrations of the ethical implications of the teachings of the Hebrew Prophets must have been one of long duration, the Hebrews must have received their folk-lore at a pe-

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riod far earlier than the time when they could have come under the direct influence of the literary activity unfolded in the Euphrates Valley.

But while the efforts of this class of scholars are directed towards tracing the independent religious development among the Hebrews of traditions which, in a crude form, they once held in common with fellow-Semites, a vigorous school of investigators has sprung up, who boldly maintain that Babylonia at an early period developed a systematized scheme of cosmology and theology combined, which spread its influence throughout the ancient world, leaving its traces in Egypt, Greece, and even Rome. This school is disposed to attribute to Babylonian influences, not merely the myths and legends of Genesis, but most of the religious ideas of the Hebrews, including Monotheism, which we have been accustomed to regard as a distinctive product of Hebrew thought. The most extreme position is maintained by a group of scholars, chiefly in Germany, who have been dubbed "Pan-Babylonists," and who, like the party managers on the eve of an election, "claim" practically everything for Babylonia. The entire Babylonian religion is resolved into a species of hazy Astral-Theology, which, it is declared, colored the entire culture of the Euphrates Valley; and it is this Astral-Theology which the Pan-Babylonists detect in almost every page of the Old Testament and in many pages of the New, while traces of it are to be found in Greek and Roman religions and even in Islamism. The reaction against such a position was sure to come, and the significance of Professor Clay's new work lies in the fact that it is a symptom of this reaction. The author, whose publication of many volumes of cuneiform texts and researches connected therewith has placed him in the front rank of Assyriologists, reveals himself in this work as a keen and ingenious student of Biblical criticism and of Semitic origins. His main thesis is that, instead of assuming an exclusive influence of Babylonia on the Western and Northern Semites, the indications are that Babylonia at a very early period was strongly influenced by Semites who entered the land from the northwest, and whom, in a general way, he designates as Amorites.

The originality of Professor Clay's thesis cannot be denied, nor the fact that he has amassed a surprising amount of evidence against the current view, which assumes, *e. g.*, that the creation and the deluge stories of the Bible and such institutions as the Sabbath are of Babylonian origin; he also argues plausibly that there are elements in the Babylonian traditions, such as the figure of Timat—the Symbol of Chaos, overcome by Marduk, the God of Light and Order—that betray foreign influence. In regard to the Sabbath, he points out that, whereas the underlying stem of the word is very common in Hebrew, it is virtually unknown in Babylonian. It is actually applied, so far as the present evidence goes, only to the fifteenth day of the month, and does not appear to have had at any time a distinctive religious significance. In all this we are able to follow him, and there can be no doubt that Professor Clay's learned researches and clear discussions will have the result of calling a halt against extravagances on the part of many Assyriologists and of some Biblical critics.

A greater difficulty is felt when we come to the second part of the work, which deals with the evidence for Amoritish influence on the Babylonia-Assyrian pantheon. That the God Adad, whose worship as a storm deity goes back to the earliest period of Babylonian history, is identical with the West-Semitic deity of a similar name, but appearing also under other designations, has long been suspected; but Professor Clay goes much further, in his assertion that some of the chief deities of the Babylonian pantheon, such as Marduk, Shamash, and the deity whose name is conventionally read Ninib, are also of West-Semitic origin. He has, indeed, made out a strong case for one of the designations, the last-named god, as En-Mashter appears on Aramaic endorsements of cuneiform documents of the Persian period. He now identifies the second element as a variant form of Martu, but takes Mash as a designation of the West. The foreign character of this designation is further vouched for by the existence of a place in Palestine as early as the fourteenth century B. C. containing the name of this deity as one of its elements; but to conclude from this that the cult of Ninib, which is closely associated with one of the oldest "Sumerian" settlements in the Euphrates Valley is a foreign importation involves almost insuperable difficulties. The same holds good in regard to Professor Clay's observations on other gods, such as Marduk and Shamash. He proves that foreign influences may here have been at work, without proving that the deities were actually of Amoritish origin.

The chief deity of the Amorites was, according to Professor Clay, a deity of the name Urru, which appears in a number of variations, such as Eri, Urra, etc. The form of the name is allied to the name of the country, Amurru, and, if we understand the author aright, the result of this association of Urru with Amurru is also to be recognized in elements of proper names, like Amar, Mar, Mash.

Following out this thesis, Professor Clay finds traces of the Amoritish deity and of the name of the land Amurru in a large number of proper names, including a number of the so-called antediluvian patriarchs in the fifth chapter of Genesis. It is perhaps natural that a scholar in the first enthusiasm of an important discovery should be disposed to carry his theory too far, and Professor Clay, himself, recognizes that not all of these identifications are to be put on the same level. It is sufficient merit to have opened up new vistas of the ancient culture of the Northern and West Semites; and even if some of the points emphasized by Professor Clay, perhaps unduly, should not turn out to be supports for his theories, enough, and more than enough, remains to substantiate his main thesis that the Amorites entered Babylonia at an early period and brought the worship of certain gods and cosmological and other traditions with them, and that what we designate as Babylonian religion is the result of the mixture of these Amoritish elements with those indigenous to the Euphrates Valley.

We should have liked to see in Professor Clay's work a full discussion of the "Sumerian" question, for his main thesis bears directly upon this vexing problem. Many features in Babylonian culture which have been assumed to be Sumerian in origin or to betray Sumerian influences (such as the name and character of the hero of the Babylonian epic, Gilgamesh) are claimed by Professor Clay for his favorite Amorites. In order to establish his thesis, it would be necessary for him to take up the relationship of Amurru and the Sumerians, and to indicate more definitely the part taken by the Sumerians in the development of the language and script of Babylonia.

Professor Clay's treatment of a difficult and fascinating theme may safely be designated as of the first importance. It will prove stimulating to others and will provoke discussion which—next to the direct contribution to knowledge which Dr. Clay has made—is, after all, the most gratifying recognition that a scholar's work can receive.

Essays on Modern Novelists. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Phelps is by no means a literary anthropophagus. The only person whom he has devoured in this book is a woman—Mrs. Humphry Ward—and that was perhaps to punish her for her recent libel on American life. In the eleven remaining essays he extends a hand of welcome to De Morgan, Thomas Hardy, Howells, Björnson, Mark Twain, Sienkiewicz, Sudermann, Alfred Ollivant, Stevenson, Kipling, and R. D. Blackmore. In general, he belongs to the philanthropic order of critics. If there were no better reason, he would still love the guild of authors for the cleverness they evoke from him; he ad-

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mits freely enough that he derives a good deal of fun from the pessimism of Hardy. But a genuine desire to be entertained as well as entertaining underlies his cordiality. In an interesting appendix on "the teacher's attitude toward contemporary literature" he says that a good teacher's sympathies should be warm and keen "when a new planet swims into his ken." He would perhaps be willing to add that the function of criticism is rather to introduce writers than to dismiss them. To excite public interest in the life and works of a new or neglected genius is certainly a gracious activity, and Professor Phelps's engaging manner, brisk style, and pointed anecdote are eminent qualifications for the service. It must be remembered, moreover, that no matter how celebrated and weather-worn a genius may become, there is born every day a new and neglectful public which has never heard of Mark Twain or William Dean Howells.

For the rest of us this volume would have been more serviceable ten or fifteen years ago. Those who are acquainted with the novelists under discussion—and most of the "planets" have passed their meridian—may be diverted by the wit of these essays, but will find little occasion in them for readjusting their judgments. Professor Phelps, as we have suggested, takes neither himself nor his subjects with undue seriousness—Mark Twain possibly excepted. His critical procedure is of a rather happy-go-lucky variety. He is constantly discussing the conduct of fictitious personages as if art and life were all one to him. Endowed with mental alacrity but with little subtlety, he takes the obvious path to the obvious with the gayety of Taillefer advancing to the Battle of Hastings. Unfortunately, however, he shuns the brunt of battle. He announces an important proposition, as if he were about to do some hard thinking on it; a commonplace as if he were about to pluck out its heart of mystery—and then gambols off on another tack. Thus he offers the somewhat startling observation that Mr. Howells is moved by an "intense ethical earnestness"; but, instead of making good the assertion, he plunges at once into a four-page digression on the wickedness of European fiction—particularly the book that he read "last night." When he returns to Mr. Howells it is to declare that this author's artistic creed is realism, with which description he seems to be as well satisfied as if he had said, "Mr. Brown is a carpenter." Nevertheless, in the same breath he adds that Mr. Howells's artistic creed "is perhaps more open to criticism than his creed in ethics." "Agreed!" cries the reader, and waits expectantly for the demonstration. Not a word more on that topic from Professor Phelps. After swiftly dividing the novels into two periods—the first "more purely artistic," the second less so—he gives us an eight-page talk on the people in "A Modern Instance," and a three-page talk on the people in "The Kentons"; then he makes his bow. Such criticism leaves the judgment unsatisfied. It is particularly distressing in the case of writers like Sudermann. Those of us who have sat long in the arena are a little tired of seeing Professor Phelps's lions fed with gingerbread; we are ready for the gladiator to enter.

The Life of the Honourable Mrs. Norton. By Jane Gray Perkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

The literature of feminism receives an agreeable accession in the shape of a careful analysis of the life and work of the beautiful Mrs. Norton, with special attention to her exertions in improving the legal condition of married women in England. It has long been known that George Meredith, whose "Diana" has many qualities and adventures in common with this lady, not only damaged his novel, but departed from the truth about Mrs. Norton in using the merely scandalous story of the betrayal of ministerial secrets to the *Times*. But for some years it has seemed that Mrs. Norton's best chance of immortality lay in the undying opportunity of the accurate to say to the vague in mind that the episode has no foundation. In laying a more positive basis for her memory, Miss Perkins has found occasion to produce a delightful book, lively, and well proportioned, which may easily prove to be the definitive treatment of the subject.

The facts of Mrs. Norton's unsuccessful married life, of her husband's attempt and complete failure to prove that Lord Melbourne was her lover, of their final separation, of her wonderful social influence, and of her indefatigable production of undistinguished literature, are familiar to all. The part of the story less well known is the immediate transformation in her mind of her own sorrows into indignant pity for the general case. She could not divorce her husband because she had condoned his offences. By the law of her day, as long as her marriage was undissolved the custody of her children belonged to their father, who exercised his right with great cruelty, refusing her access to them except under humiliating conditions and causing them to live at a distance from her, in the care of persons unfriendly to her. Her youngest child was accidentally injured, by the neglect, as she believed, of his guardians. Though she was sent for, she arrived only to find him dead. Her misery, not only at this crisis, but in the general situation, is artlessly and convincingly reflected in her letters. It was the law that injured her, and she attacked the law, beginning, naturally enough, with the use of her ready pen in the production of pamphlets, "Observations on the Natural Claims of a Mother to the Custody of her Young Children," and "The Case of the Honourable Mrs. Norton." By her efforts Serjeant Talfourd was brought to introduce his Infant Custody bill, which was passed by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords in 1838. The next year she wrote "A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Law of Custody of Infants, by Pearce Stevenson, Esq.," of which Charles Sumner said:

> I think it is one of the most remarkable things from the pen of a woman. The world here does not suspect her, but supposes that her tract is the production of some grave barrister. It is one of the best discussions on a legislative matter I have ever read.

In 1839 the bill became law. While Lord Cramworth's bill to amend the Law of Divorce was under discussion in 1854-7, Mrs. Norton was active with tract and epigram. "With its really great reforms," says Miss Perkins, "the doing away with divorce by special Act of Parliament, and with the cumbrous old expensive machinery of Doctors' Commons, it would be absurd and untrue to say that Mrs. Norton had anything to do. This was indeed a measure so sharply demanded by the time that even a great war could not delay it. But the bill contained a whole cluster of lesser reforms. . . . With all these reforms it is quite fair to believe that Mrs. Norton had a great deal to do, to believe even that without her eager crusade of tongue and pen to advance them, the bill would have gone through without them, and the many women who have since benefited by them would have gone on, it may be for many years—for these reforms are slow in coming—suffering injustice without them."

Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

This volume is the latest of a series of five by the same author, which began as far back as 1886 with the publication of the elaborated Lowell Institute lectures on "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries." That was virtually the introduction of Comm. Lanciani to the English-speaking world. He brought what the intelligent republic of readers had not before enjoyed, the story of the modern achievements of archæological science in the capital of the world, told by an active worker in the field, who did not hesitate to say *quorum pars magna fui*, and told in lively and fluent English. The publishers wisely coöperated in the mission-work by contributing profuse and costly illustrations and excellent type and press-work to the printed form; and the suc-

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cess of the undertaking and its continued appeal are attested by the repeated printings of the earlier volume, and by the addition at not too speedy intervals of new numbers to the series. This latest volume is not to be the last, for unless untimely fate forbids, the author will give us another on sites of the Campagna as yet unvisited under his literary guidance.

The present tour is, in successive chapter-stages, to the Land of Saturn, of Horace, of Hadrian, of Gregory the Great, of Cicero, of Pliny the Younger, and of Nero. The Land of Saturn is the Roman Campagna in general; that of Horace centres about Tivoli and the valley of the Anio above it; Hadrian's Land is that around his great Tiburtine villa; Gregory's (a less convincing appellation) is that of the villages of S. Gregorio, Casape, and Poli, between Tivoli and Palestrina, unrecognized of Baedeker; Cicero's is, of course, Frascati and Grotta Ferrata; and the Land of Pliny and Nero is the Latin coast, from Ostia to Antium. Around and about all this delectable region Lanciani lets his exuberant and vagrant fancy wander, and if that tricksome Puck chooses to divagate into distant quarters of the globe, his amiable master is at no pains to recall him. Hardly have we set foot in the Land of Saturn, when the allusion to Roman country-seats suggests travel, and in a twinkling we are snatched away from sunny Latium to the bleakness of the Alps to examine in detail the passage of the Great St. Bernard. A mention of Latian summer-resorts drags in its train an enumeration of various watering-places between Dan and Beersheba. The oracle at Praeneste is the text for a chapter, fresh from the classical dictionary, on various other oracles from the times of Dodona and Delphi onward to the present-day dream-book. Such meanderings weary the reader infinitely. It is worse than a Cook's tour, and much of the proffered information in these side-trips is not only disturbing, because heterogeneous and out of place, but it is not so well and accurately put as in the reference books where it belongs. The incoherence in this book is more marked than in that which preceded it, as it was there more marked than in the antepenultimate volume of the series.

But rhetorical structure is not the whole framework of a book of this sort. It is an historical work, and must be judged as an historical work. History ought certainly to be something far more lively than a museum-ossuary of naked facts. But the facts, even if not naked, ought to be facts. And Comm. Lanciani is altogether too often superbly disregardful of facts. He is blessed with "temperament," and "temperament" appears to be incompatible with commonplace precision. A few instances out of many must suffice for warning. "The Plinii," says Comm. Lanciani, "born as they were on the shores of the most beautiful sheet of water in Italy, had chosen a naval career." Who would imagine from this that we know only two Plinii of that family, him of the "Letters" (whom Comm. Lanciani concedes to have broken the family tradition) and his uncle of the "Natural History," whose "naval career" was much like that of the admiral in "Pinafore"? Our genial romancer tells us that Silius Italicus starved himself to death in an "ex-Ciceronian villa," which, he proceeds to argue, was none other than the famous *Tusculanum*. Unfortunately, the letter of Pliny that forms our only source of knowledge on the matter says that Silius died in his house near, or in, Naples; and there is no evidence that this particular estate ever belonged to Cicero. Even the inscription on which Comm. Lanciani builds his pretty imagination, in such total disregard of Pliny's statement, was said by De Rossi to have been found not near the spot where Comm. Lanciani (probably wrongly) places the *Tusculanum* (near Grotta Ferrata), but quite on the other side of Frascati. Comm. Lanciani tells us that Cleopatra and her husband visited Cæsar in Rome in 44 B. C., "where the dictator offered them hospitality in his own house on the Sacra Via. The result of this intimacy was the birth of a child to whom the tell-tale name of Cæsarion was given," etc. But the ancient authorities beg leave to differ. Cæsarion was born in 47, the visit was in 46 or 45, and the guests were quartered in Cæsar's gardens across the Tiber. But perhaps the most striking instance in which the author's imagination runs riot, through many pages, is the radiant discourse about Cynthia, Propertius's light-o'-love. Not only is the lady herself made into a solid historical character, but she is awarded a villa at Tibur, with Quintilius Varus next-door on the one side and Catullus on the other. Here she conducted a brilliant salon, frequented, of course, by her neighbors, Varus and Catullus, and by Virgil, Horace, Mæcenas, Tibullus ("who used to drive over from Pedum"), Ovid, Sulpicius Quirinius, Gallus ("conqueror of the Soudan," narrator—ah, poor Tartarin!—of his "exploits in the region of Khartoum"), and even, it is hinted, perhaps by Augustus himself. We are furthermore assured that "the well-known line of Horace [Sat. i, 5, 48] seems to refer to a scene actually enacted on the [tennis] court of the Tiburtine hostess," whither the author has transferred it, one need hardly remind the reader, from the Capua in which Horace himself ventured to place it. "Virgil and Horace," asserts Comm. Lanciani, "cannot have been brilliant companions. One suffered from *angina pectoris*, the other from eyes *lippi et defluentes*"; but we certainly could have overlooked their dulness in the interest of seeing Catullus and Ovid hobnob together in defiance of mere chronology. The House-boat on the Styx must be regarded as a poor substitute for "the cottage of Cynthia, located on the right bank of the river on the Quintiliolo road, near and under the suburban monastery of Sant' Antonio."

Fifty Years of New Japan. Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma. Edited by Marcus B. Huish. 2 vols, pp. 646+616. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

An executive committee of four carried out the plans of fifty-five able men, who, incarnating the spirit of nationalism, made the new Japan. Okuma was not one of the four, but he has stood very near the front and well among the leaders of the Restoration of 1868. In length of service to his country, whether in or out of office, and as a potent influence in the growth of "the rejuvenated nation," he holds first place. He is the directing spirit of the Waseda University in Tokio, and of great educational, literary, and political movements, that are slowly but surely remaking the nation. By this monumental book, the fifty-six chapters of which have been contributed by almost as many authors, he signalizes the completion of a half century of the new national life, of which he has himself been a great part.

As the contributors wrote independently upon subjects which have, in most cases a common foundation, there was much overlapping in the original Japanese work, but the translators, supervised by the master, Capt. Frank Brinkley, have done their task with creditable skill. In the English edition repetition has been largely, but not wholly, eliminated.

In volume first, we have politics, finance, industry, and trade treated of in detail; in the second, religion, literature, culture and education, philosophy, medicine, philanthropy, art, social influences, and the progress of Yezo and Formosa are considered. Among the contributors Okuma, Ito, Yamagata, Keiki (the ex-shogun), Shibuzwa, and others of elder fame, are naturally more numerous in the first volume. The younger men of science and of Christianity and other religions, and the students who, gaining knowledge abroad, have applied this to administration and material development are noticeable in the second volume. The spirit of Count Okuma, however, informs the whole work, and his faults and virtues have been consciously or unconsciously imitated by his fellow penmen. There are certain things about which a foreigner wishes most to know, which Okuma will not touch with his little finger—for in-

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stance, the elevation to citizenship of the social outcasts, which was in its way quite as remarkable as the emancipation of black slaves in America. He accepts the divine theory of Mikadoism and the nursery notions of chronology with a naïveté that would be delightful were it not so serious a matter. The Japanese will never be considered the intellectual equals of Westerners, until they realize how young their nation is and how utterly worthless as history are their traditions that antedate the fourth century. The Count, however, acknowledges the complexity of the ethnic composite. "Perhaps no other nation on the earth's surface," he says, "has incorporated a greater number of racial types than the Japanese."

The Count divides Japanese history into four parts, patriarchy, transition, feudalism, and modern constitutional government. As for the codes of law, the first, in A. D. 701, was for the nobles; the second, in 1232, for the knights, or samurai; and the third, in 1880, for the people.

One of the most striking papers is from Keiki, the ex-shogun, who, resigning office and power in 1868, still lives in hale old age in Tokio. In luminous manner he justifies his ancestors, declaring that much of the modern spirit of Nippon is but a development of what Iyeyasu formulated in the early seventeenth century. The discussion of "The Influence of the West Upon Japan," by Dr. Nitobe, is not only a superb piece of writing in English, but is rich in that polished satire in which this philosopher delights. Baron Tsuzuki, who has studied etiquette at many courts and nations, recapitulates the facts and declares that "neither difference of race, nor that of religion, nor of country constitutes any real obstacle to the future development of intimacy between ourselves and Westerners." The chapter on Socialism shows a considerable movement with an indigenous literature; with the extension of the limits of suffrage, this propaganda seems likely to become a powerful factor in Japanese politics. The various papers on the material aspects of modern Japan have been in a measure anticipated by the book edited by Mr. Stead a few years ago.

There is acknowledgment of the services of such Americans as Eldridge, Ashmead, James, Verbeck, Brown, Hepburn, and Veeder. Dr. "Bayley," to whom is credited the reform of the prisons in Japan, but about whose first training in Japan of women nurses nothing is said, is no other than Dr. John C. Berry of Worcester, Mass. Commodore Perry's expedition is described as "a peaceful mission of international fraternity," his treaty of twelve articles "having not even a covert reference to trade." His "simplicity was the key to success," and his policy was "as adroit as magnanimous." Townsend Harris, who obtained trade and residence for aliens, advised the Japanese against opium to their eternal gratitude. Two great factors in Japan's advance have been the help of the United States and British sympathy. With map and index, the text presents a marvellous picture of progress in a nation which is in a large sense the epitome of both Orient and Occident, and is endowed with a unique and apparently inexhaustible genius for selection of what it wants from the world's storehouse.

The Spirit of America. By Henry van Dyke. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This volume is made up of the more important lectures which Dr. van Dyke delivered last year, at the Sorbonne, on the Hyde Foundation. It is the first time, we believe, that Dr. van Dyke has written specifically for export, and the result is that a genial and popular writer appears in an oddly unfamiliar guise. It is as if he had studied the French academic manner, its lucidity, its avoidance of emphasis, its tendency to dryness, with the intention of showing the Parisian student that the American professor knows the scholastic game. Of course, there can have been no such conscious intention, merely the insidious hypnosis of intellectual Paris, but the result is odd. A naïve devotee of Dr. van Dyke's customary manner might have a misgiving that this time he is translating from the French.

With this general reservation, the book contains much that is keen and sensible. Self-reliance, a sense of fair play, and democracy, an exceptional will power, a desire for common order and coöperation, zeal for education, a strong religious spirit—these are selected as the chief ingredients of the American soul. Dr. van Dyke is aware of the paradoxes involved in some of these affirmations. In a foreign cathedra, he naturally minimizes the disorder that prevails within the order which he describes. For that patriotic course no one can blame him, but that policy leaves notable gaps in his analysis. The maladjustment of intellection—of criticism in the broader sense—to will power, our eminently British habit of muddling strenuously, is barely hinted at in the text. More surprising is the failure to emphasize our peculiar versatility and temperamental resiliency. This is not comprised in energy, but in a mobile and imaginative habit of thought. It is the positive and attractive side of what Henry James deplored as our "formlessness."

On the whole Dr. van Dyke's plea *pro domo* is rather amiable and reassuring than able. It may help to offset the impression of such journalism as Paul Bourget's and Jules Huret's. It will show that Mr. Kipling's grotesque caricature is not to be taken at its face value. But as usual, the cartoonist catches essential traits in a more racy spirit than is vouchsafed to the judicious observer. The final essay on self-expression and literature is so thin and cataloguish that one must regret it was reprinted. On the lecture platform, it may have served its turn acceptably.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the publication of fifty-three new volumes in Everyman's Library.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish early in the autumn a new life of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, by Oswald Garrison Villard. Mr. Villard has used original documents, contemporary letters, and the testimony of living witnesses and has drawn from such sources much new and significant matter bearing upon this subject.

"Land and Labor: Lessons from Belgium," by B. S. Rowntree, the author of "Poverty: a Study of Town Life," will soon be published by the Macmillans. The book will describe in detail the Belgian system of land tenure, the industrial conditions of that country, and the reasons for the prevalence of low wages; agriculture and the relative value of large farms and small holdings; market gardening, technical education, coöperation, agricultural credit, and other subjects.

The spring publications of L. C. Page & Co. include the following: "In Unfamiliar England," by Thomas D. Murphy; "Susan in Sicily," by Josephine Tozier; "The Boston Museum of Fine Arts," by Julia de Wolf Addison; "Kilmeny of the Orchard," by L. M. Montgomery; "Commencement Days," by Virginia Church; "My Heart and Stephanie," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "A Cavalier of Virginia," by G. E. Theodore Roberts.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following publications for spring and summer: "The Spiritual Unrest," by Ray Stannard Baker; "The Religion of the Future," by Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University; "The Enchanted Island," by Alfred Noyes; "How to Study the Stars," by L. Rudaux; "Thurston of Orchard Valley," by Harold Bindloss; "Cab No. 44," by R. F. Foster; "The Living Mummy," by Ambrose Pratt; "A Disciple of Chance," by Sarah Dean; "Rosamond the Second," by Mary Mears; "The Gold Trail," by Harold Bindloss; "The Fresh Air Book," by J. P. Müller; "My College Days, a Record," "My School Days, a Record," designed to be complete and worthy records of all that occurs during college and school life respectively; the Twentieth Century Science Series—"Telepathic Hallucinations," by Frank Podmore, M. A.; "Races of Man and Their Distribution," by A. C. Haddon, Sc.D., F.R.S.; "Physiology, the Function of the Human Body," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.; "Evolution from Nebula to Man," by Joseph McCabe; "Geology," by George Hickling; "Prehistoric Man," by Joseph McCabe; "Masterpieces in Color," edited

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by T. Leman Hare; "The Child's English Literature," by H. E. Marshall.

The Dent-Putnam series of Classiques Français is enriched by the first volume of the "Fables de La Fontaine"—a charming edition. In his preface the editor, Jules Claretie, agrees with those who think that La Fontaine is one of the authors given to children to learn at too early an age. Yet he adds immediately that memories grow sweeter with the years, and "La Fontaine est l'auteur favori des hommes qui ont vécu leur vie. Il les rajeunit en leur rappelant ces heures enfuies où ils épelaient 'leur fable' pour la fête des grands parents ou la récitaient comme un devoir devant leur professeur." After all, is not one of the proper tasks of youth just to lay up such memories for the transmuting power of the alchemistic years?

The single section of the "New English Dictionary," from Romanity to Roundness, edited by W. A. Craigie, is comparatively free from those sapless Latin polysyllables which make portions of the best of dictionaries oppressive reading. Impressionistically speaking, it exhales an odor of "roses" and "romance." For instance, there is the plant vulgarly known as sundew, but christened by the early botanists "rosa solis," a name worthy of the first nomenclator; there is "Rosary," the title of a mediæval treatise on alchemy, by Arnoldus de Villa Nova, cited by Chaucer as "Arnold of the new town"; and there is the mystery-fraught "Rosicrucian," supposedly from Christian Rosenkreuz, reputed founder of a fifteenth century society first mentioned in 1614. And then there is "rosemary" for remembrance and Elizabethan feasts and bridals and funerals, and also for a trap to the popular etymologist—a word at once suggesting the rose and the Virgin, but historically connected with neither, being derived from *ros marinus*, sea-dew. Finally, there is the fragrant phrase "under the rose," which one would like to relate to the "Romante of the Rose," and the sworn secrecy of the mediæval lover or to the *multa in rosa* of Horace; but, says the lexicographer, the expression probably originated in Germany, the first recorded appearance in English is in the State Papers of 1546, and in 1730 Fielding gives it an unromantic Teutonic interpretation: "The rose is ever understood over the drinking-room and the glass is the surest turnkey to the lips." Of recent and interesting origin is "roué" from *rouer*, to break on the wheel; "the name was first given to the profligate companions of the Duke of Orleans (c. 1720), to suggest that they deserved this punishment." It is surprising to find how long before the battle of San Juan Hill the "rough rider" had been put to picturesque uses: thus Emerson in the "Conduct of Life" has "these rough riders—legislators in shirt-sleeves"—one had almost substituted "Khaki"; and Peter Pindar in 1791 writes: "That every Subject ought to wear a Saddle O'er which those great Rough-Riders, Kings may straddle." In Andrew Clark's edition of the "Shirburn Ballads" (p. 274), we note an example of the nautical "round-house" some twenty-five years older (c. 1601) than the first example in the "Dictionary," and with somewhat different meaning. We also note the omission of the word "ropalic," a curious kind of verse to which Sir Thomas Browne gives a few pages in "Certain Miscellany Tracts."

From a literary point of view the most important article in the section should be that on "romantic"; for the history of the development of taste during two centuries might be epitomized in a carefully written semasiological account of this single word. We, therefore, regret to say that the article is disproportionately short—little over a column—and otherwise disappointing; the illustrations are inadequate in number and uninstructively arranged, and some of the definitions are almost imperceptibly differentiated. Without going farther afield than the familiar textbooks one can easily improve upon this scanty outline. For example, T. S. Perry long ago pointed out in his "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," a case of "romantic" in Evelyn's "Diary," 1654, five years older than the first case in this article and fifty-one years older than the first case cited under the appropriate definition. In Temple's essay, "On Ancient and Modern Learning," 1690, there is a striking passage in which a Spaniard attributes the ruin of Spain to the decay of "Romantick Honour and Love," caused by "Don Quixote"; this anticipates the passage here quoted from Rowe by ten years. Again, Professor Phelps cites Pope in a letter of 1716: "The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself . . . let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing or praises one" ("English Rom.-Movement," p. 18). This astonishing utterance does not exactly come under any of the definitions. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century the word develops parallel with "enthusiastic"; it contains a personal judgment as well as a meaning; and even with the context the judgment implied may be doubtful unless the author is known. That is, what appears to a Warton romantic and therefore adorable, may appear to a Johnson romantic and therefore detestable. This aspect of the matter receives little illumination from the "Dictionary." Furthermore, the treatment of later formations, such as "romanticism" and "romanticist" is likewise unsatisfactory. The first case of "romanticist" given is from "Blackwoods," 1830. Carlyle's article on the "State of German Literature," published in the *Edinburgh Review* three years earlier, contains the following: "Their grand controversy, so hotly urged, between the *Classicists* and *Romanticists* . . . ."

The well-known Italian journalist, G. Piccini, who writes over the pseudonym "Jarro," has recently produced "Memorie di una prima Attrice" (Florence: Bemporad). The leading actress is Laura Bon, contemporary and kinswoman of Ristori, of whom the survivors of the older generation still speak with great enthusiasm. She was, indeed, a tragédienne of remarkable talents, who seemed destined to reach the summit of her profession. But unfortunately, when she was only twenty-three, her great beauty and charm attracted Victor Emanuel, who became her protector and for several years would not permit her to act. Subsequently, being displaced in his favor by Rosina, she returned to the stage, where she continued to enjoy great popularity. But her spirit was broken, and she failed to win the highest honors in her art. The last twenty years she spent in neglect and poverty, dying in 1904 on the verge of four score. Piccini's volume has more interest for the historian than for the student of the drama, because he describes in detail the political influence which Laura Bon exerted during the days when she was the royal favorite. Long after Victor Emanuel broke off his relations with her, he used her on secret political missions: notably in 1864, when he sent her to Verona and Vienna to see what chance there was for the Italians to recover Venetia. She went and acted in those cities; interviewed even Marshal Benedek himself; got the desired information, but excited no suspicion. As portrayed by Piccini, she was a woman of rare native nobility, blasted by royal favor which she tried to escape.

To students of mediæval agricultural and legal conditions the word of the Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford has come to be recognized as authoritative. Professor Vinogradoff, in a readable and untechnical little volume of only 135 pages, has written an excellent sketch of "Roman Law in Mediæval Europe" (Harper's new Library of Living Thought). The book grew out of a course of lectures delivered in the spring of 1909 to an advanced class in the University of London. The author traces, in a couple of chapters, the decay of Roman law and the revival of jurisprudence, then, in three chapters, discusses the extent to which Roman law was "received" in France, England, and Germany. Contrary to the older view of the disappearance of Roman law in the so-called Dark Ages after Justinian, the author agrees with those who maintain that there was a constant, though thin, stream of legal learning running through the darkest centuries, that is, from the fifth to the tenth. The existence of organized law schools is not proved, nor can there be any talk of a very active development of individual thought. But transcripts and abstracts from the fragmentary materials bequeathed by antiquity were made and studied in the scriptoria of monasteries and the classrooms of teachers of the arts. Especially interesting and new to many will be the author's description of the recently discovered summary of the Justinian Code known as *Lo Codi*. This was compiled about 1149 in Provençal for the use of judges in Provence; it is the earliest treatise on Roman law written in a native dialect. The Provençal text is soon to be published by Professor Suchier of Halle. Vinogradoff discusses Azo's influence on Bracton, and thinks that "the infusion of Roman doctrine made the legal treatment of villainage harder than might have been the case otherwise." This may possibly be true for England, but hardly so for Germany to any extent before the end of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the history of Roman law in the Middle Ages is the strong testimony it affords of the latent vigor and organizing power of ideas in the midst of shifting surroundings. Professor Vinogradoff has done a really valuable service in sketching the outline of a fascinating and important subject. He has not, of course, attempted to trace the history of Roman law in all its details or even

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in all its stages, but merely to characterize the principal epochs in its development. Heretofore there has been nothing up-to-date of this kind in English; for Sohm's "Institutes of the Roman Law," while fuller in the treatment of the Italian schools, has nothing to say of France and England.

A small book of great interest to students of politics and government is one entitled "Indian Speeches" (Macmillan), by Viscount Morley. These speeches, delivered during the years 1907-1909 by the British Secretary of State for India, are especially timely in view of the perplexities in the Indian situation and the efforts now made to introduce real reforms. The limited public that is following Indian affairs with intelligent attention will find much of value in "this small sheaf of speeches," which, with no rhetorical pretensions, contains some of the prudent and necessary considerations that have guided the recent reform movement. In addition to the speeches, three cardinal State papers have been appended which mark at successive stages, for three generations, the spirit of British rule in India.

"Lotus-Buds," by Amy Wilson-Carmichael (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is the poetic but apt designation of the Hindu children described in this book. The writer is at the head of a nursery established by an English missionary society, where are placed children who have been in danger of being sold into depraved service in the temple—for it is impossible to rescue them when once they are in the temple house. To draw attention to the evil (which, it should be said, is a travesty of religion revolting to every high-minded Hindu) in order that some means may be found to eradicate it, she wisely begins by awakening the interest of her readers in the babies under her charge. This she does in a series of delightful word pictures of them and their deeply affectionate and fascinating ways. Though only from two to four years of age, they show a remarkable intelligence and wonderful grasp of Bible stories and precepts far in advance of most Western children of the same age. In her descriptions of the little ones she sometimes tells the story of their rescue from a threatened evil life. Word comes, for instance, that a baby in a distant village is in danger of being sold. Immediately there is sent to the place a native Christian woman who strives to induce the parents to put the child in the nursery. Often she is unsuccessful and again she may have to wait for months before a final decision is reached. Information in regard to the "secret traffic," its nature and extent, drawn largely from blue books and testimony published in the Indian papers, is given in the closing chapters. They show also very clearly the difficulties in the way of repressing it, as it has become a vital part of sacred practice of the Southern Indian, and the government maintains a strict neutrality in all religious matters. The attractiveness of the book is greatly increased by fifty photogravures, mostly of the children described in the text.

A journey in that "enchanted garden men call Java" is described by Henry G. Bryant in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February. Especially interesting are the accounts of the wonderful temple ruins, one of which is "probably the largest Buddhistic edifice in the world;" with 988 bas-reliefs in a good state of preservation, illustrating the life story of Buddha, and 441 images of the god each within a small dagoba or shrine of its own. Entirely different and of far greater antiquity is the Hittite capital in Asia Minor of which Prof. Isabel F. Dodd of Constantinople gives a description. Among the sculptures recently discovered, three or four thousand years old, are the star and crescent and the double-headed eagle. B. Willis, delegate from this country at the international conference held in London last November to agree upon details of the standard map of the world, gives the conclusions reached by the delegates. For Europe all the data for making a one-millionth, or sixteen miles to the inch, map are complete, and it probably will soon be published, but it may be ten years before the map of this country will be completed. The difficulty in regard to the names of places is illustrated by the fact that nearly all Hungarian towns have two names, one Hungarian and the other German, and some of them have as many as five names, all of which are currently used by the distinct elements of the population.

Born of an Irish peasant family, the hero of "From the Bottom Up: the Life Story of Alexander Irvine" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has been successively British marine, emigrant, elevator man, theological student, clergyman in several denominations, author, investigator of convict camps, trade unionist, and finally Socialist. In every capacity he has been the ardent evangelist, living among the people with whom he worked, in lodging houses, riverside hovels, or mining camps. His religion has been deeply tested. There was a moment when, in despair of a Beneficent Order, he attempted suicide. He has worked superbly in many causes, and has stuck to none. At forty-seven, in robust health, he has set up a farm, which is also a Socialist settlement, and presumably is meditating his next move. This remarkable story, the variety of which we have merely hinted at, evidently does not lend itself to literary criticism. When we have said that it is written with simplicity, humor, and also with a Celtic sense of the effective, our critical duty is pretty well absolved. This is not a book, but a man, and a man in his prime. The record is not closed, and formal judgment would be futile. Of the apostolic zeal of Mr. Irvine there is no doubt. Working in or out of ecclesiastical harness, he has been all things to all men. Such evangelism is a thing apart from pulpit oratory, organized revivalism, and the like. It takes us back to elementary and apostolic conditions. We think of a St. Francis, a St. Bernardino, a Whitfield. Such work is the very knight errantry of faith. It is, perhaps, a fair question to ask why this valiant and continued effort has had no greater effect in organization. Mr. Irvine would possibly reply that his task has been precisely to give leads which others may or may not follow up. There seems to us, however, an irreducible individualism about the man, on his own showing, which is the basis of his power and his weakness. Apparently, the prophetic quality in him easily obscures his good sense. The church trustees who voted to leave eternal punishment in the creed, "because it had never done them any harm," certainly lacked a sense of humor, but were not wholly contemptible as interpreters of average public opinion. An incorrigible intellectual restlessness seems to take Mr. Irvine out of the traditional communion of saints. On the way to Socialism he dabbles with "new thought." He seems unlikely to work out in any routine way, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. For so militant an individualist, Socialism seems likely to be not a culmination but a stage. Meanwhile this record of a life lavishly shared with others is of great interest. It will make for social compassion, and will afford poignant individual instances of sufferings which we are apt to gloze with discreet generalities.

"Christian Reunion: A Plea for the Restoration of 'the Ecclesia of God'" (Hodder & Stoughton), by Frank Spence, a man of business, not a theologian, is a curious attempt to set forth in detail the constitution and laws of a united church to be constructed on the principles of democracy instead of the episcopacy or the sacraments. The author even goes so far as to print an elaborate set of by-laws for the government of his church, dealing with the most trivial details of organization and activity. His programme has one great advantage over most proposals for church unity, that it stands not for the reunion of the church at large, but only for a working unity or federation of the local bodies of Christians in each particular community. This is a more feasible task and one much better worth while, quite apart from the elaborate Scriptural basis which the author feels it incumbent upon him to cite in its support.

Northumberland is unknown country to the average tourist, except so far as he catches tantalizing glimpses of it from the Edinburgh express. Yet there is no county of England so rich in historic associations and scenic variety. Here are the Cheviots, Bamburgh Castle, Flodden Field, Otterburn, and Preston Pans. Here was the last retreat of British chivalry, the home of great-hearted rebels from Hotspur to obscure followers of Prince Charlie. To see the North Country aright one should be young, afoot, and carry a "Marmion" and a ballad book in one's knapsack. A fair substitute for this, fireside travellers will find in A. G. Bradley's "The Romance of Northumberland" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). It is spiritedly done, well laced with poetry and balladry, and in sixteen color illustrations after Frank Southgate's sketches contains an harmonious graphic commentary.

Scholars, bearing in mind a past experience, will not be disposed to accept without question Professor Hilprecht's assertion that he has found the "oldest" version of the Babylonian deluge story. The new tablet—a mere fragment of twelve broken lines—is not dated. Granted that it belongs, as claimed, to the Hammurabi period, there is not the slightest reason for believing that it is older than the tablet found by Scheil, at Sippar, and now in the Morgan library in New York. That specimen is dated in a way which proves that it belongs to the Hammurabi period, and it can be assigned to the year *c.* 1825 B. C., or, according to another chronological system for the Hammurabi period, to *c.* 1973 B. C. Unless, however, on closer examination the

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new fragment shows the definite ear-marks of tablets of the Hammurabi period, its date may have to be brought down as much as 500 years. Such things happen in Assyriology. A number of years ago an inscription was published and confidently dated at *c.* 4,000 B. C., only to be shown that it was nearer to *c.* 2500 B. C.—a trifling difference of fifteen hundred years. Professor Hilprecht's translation of the fragment consists chiefly of bracketed portions, which represent his restorations. If we remove the bracketed portions, there remain less than twenty words, and these add nothing to what was previously known to scholars from the fragments in Ashurbanapal's library. Nor do they throw any further light on the Biblical story.

Morris Hicky Morgan, professor of classical philology at Harvard since 1899, died on March 16, at the age of fifty-one. He graduated at Harvard in 1881, became a tutor there in 1888, and was made assistant professor of Latin and Greek in 1891. His publications include: "De Ignis Eliciendi Modis Apud Antiquos," "Dictionary to Xenophon's Anabasis," translation of Xenophon's "The Art of Horsemanship," "Bibliography of Persius," "The Phormio of Terence," "Eight Orations of Lysias," "The Minor Works of Tacitus," and "The Language of Vitruvius."

Orville James Victor died recently at his home in Hohokus, N. J., at the age of eighty-two. He was born at Sandusky, O., was editor of the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*, in New York, from 1856 to 1861, and of various other journals and reference publications, and had published "History of the Southern Rebellion," in four volumes; "Incidents and Anecdotes of the War," "History of American Conspiracies," and biographies of John Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Ethan Allen, Winfield Scott, and Garibaldi.

Jeanne-Marie-Françoise Marnière, the French novelist, who wrote under the pseudonym. J. Marni, died recently at her villa near Cannes, at the age of fifty-five. She was for a time an actress. Her publications include "La femme de Silva," "Amour coupable," and "Le Livre d'une amoureuse"; and she also wrote—alone or in collaboration—several comedies.

Science.

A Book of Precious Stones. By Julius Wodiska. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Julius Wodiska is a practical jeweller, and his work appeals to all who have to do with precious stones. The main facts regarding the principal precious and semi-precious stones, as well as the pearl and the coral, are briefly presented in a way that renders them plain to the untechnical reader. In addition, there is given a full and satisfactory description of the processes employed to secure diamonds from the South African mines. An interesting feature of the book is the use and explanation of a number of terms, not generally familiar, which are in common use in the jewelry business to describe the different classes, qualities, and colors of precious stones. There is also an excellent account of the growth of the trade union among the diamond cutters, and of the establishment, in 1903, of the Universal Diamond Workers' Alliance, an organization now having a membership of fifteen thousand, representing the diamond workers of Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, England, and the United States. A chapter is devoted to jewelry in the arts and crafts movement, and there is a brief glossary of technical terms, as well as a bibliography of works on precious stones.

The historical portion of the work is less satisfactory than the descriptive; it is brief and contains several errors. For instance, on page 56, the Excelsior and Jubilee diamonds are described as one stone. The diamond known as the Excelsior weighed 971 carats, and was taken from Jagersfontein in 1893, as described in the text; two years later, the crystal from which the Jubilee diamond was cut was found in the same locality, the rough stone weighing 640 carats, and the cut diamond 239. The Excelsior crystal, however, was divided, in 1904, into ten diamonds weighing from 13½ to 68 carats. On page 75, the Pelegrina pearl is confused with the Zosima pearl; the former belonged to Philip II of Spain and weighed 134 grains, while the latter weighed 111½ grains. It is not known in whose hands the Zosima pearl is at present, but the Pelegrina is said to be in St. Petersburg, in the possession of the Princess Youssoupoff. The statement, on page 73, that "the first jewel mentioned in the most ancient decipherable and translatable writing extant is the pearl," is contradicted by the fact that neither in the Egyptian hieroglyphics nor in the Babylonian cuneiform has the name of the pearl been deciphered with any degree of certainty, although the names of several stones appear. The amethyst "Signet ring of Cleopatra" (p. 96), according to the lines in the Greek Anthology, bore the figure of Methe, the genius of intoxication, not that of Mithra. The derivation of the name nephrite is correctly given on page 144, but this name is comparatively modern, and there is no evidence that the ancient Greeks laid especial stress upon the curative powers of the stone in kidney diseases. This belief also finds expression in the name jade, derived from the Spanish *piedra de hijada*, "stone of the flank," and appears to have been first proclaimed, it is stated, by Monardes, 1565, who brought jade from the New World to Spain. The mention of the Septuagint of Revelation, on page 231, is probably a slip of the pen, for "Greek text," as the Septuagint only covers the books of the Old Testament. Of the diamond said to have been engraved, in 1500, by Ambrosio Foppa, called Caradosso, for Pope Julius II, we are informed by Garzoni ("Piazza Universale," p. 550) that it bore the figure of a Father of the Church, not a friar (p. 240).

The illustrations are, in the main, well selected, and add to the attractiveness of the book, but the frontispiece figures a specimen of cinnabar, which is not a gem stone.

Prof. C. Philippi of the chair of geology at Jena University, who was geologist of the Gauss Antarctic Expedition in 1901-'03, died recently in Egypt.

The Rev. Carr Waller Pritchett died in Kansas City, Mo., last Friday, at the age of eighty-six. He was one of the founders of Central College, at Fayette, Mo., and was its president on two occasions; organized Pritchett College, at Glasgow, Mo., in 1866, and was its president for seven years, and for several years was in charge of the Morrison Astronomical Observatory of that institution. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society for discoveries concerning the planet Jupiter.

The Rev. Hugh J. Carney, formerly professor of economics at Manhattan College and an eminent mathematician, died last Sunday of blood poisoning at St. Vincent's Hospital, in New York, after an illness of several years. He joined the Christian Brotherhood at Montreal in 1855, as Brother James. He was in Rock Hill College, Baltimore, when the civil war began, and from there was transferred to Manhattan College under Brother Paulian, and then went to Waterford, Ireland, where he held the chair of mathematics for six years, at the Normal College in that city. On his return to America in 1896, he was appointed professor of economics at Manhattan College, which post he retained until ill-health forced him to retire.

Drama.

The recent production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in the Garden Theatre, by the Ben Greet players, was a dramatic incident of more than common interest. This was the first serious attempt ever made to act the piece in this country, although it has been the subject of occasional amateur experiment. The Elizabethan Society of London gave a performance of it, with some success, in 1896, but, with this exception it has been virtually an unknown work to playgoers of this or the preceding generation on either side of the Atlantic. For modern theatrical purposes it is obviously unfit on account of its invertebrate, episodic character, its total lack of feminine interest, its exceedingly primitive humor, and the clumsiness of its supernatural which is founded on the grossest mediæval superstition. In many passages, such, for instance, as those introducing the seven deadly sins and the minor imps, the play descends to the intellectual level of some of the dullest of the old moralities. It is only in the intercourse of Faustus with Mephistopheles, in the soliloquies

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of the former, in his magnificent apostrophe to Helen, and in the frantic supplications of his closing hour, that the true imaginative power of the poet and his mastery of the "mighty line" are revealed. But as a specimen of early Elizabethan drama the production was highly curious and valuable, and there is no reason to doubt that the performance was characteristic of the period. If the scenic accessories were not precisely Elizabethan in design or effect they were as nearly Elizabethan as it was possible, under the circumstances, to make them. The spirit, at least, was right. The manifest artlessness of some of the players helped to maintain the illusion of a veritably antique representation. The crude vigor with which they attacked the comic scenes was entirely appropriate. The conventional attitudes of the good and evil angels were happily conceived, as was the device of making them chant their messages. As is almost always the case in Mr. Greet's representations the blank verse was spoken with sonority and clearness, with some respect for both sense and rhythm. The parts of Faustus and Mephistopheles were played with comprehension if not with brilliancy. Mr. Greet exhibited discretion in the necessary pruning of the text, especially in his excision of the Roman scenes.

Prof. H. A. Rennert's study of "The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega" (New York: Hispanic Society of America) is a work of solid and interesting research. Professor Rennert has naturally followed the Spanish antiquarians and archivists who have brought to light within recent years so much information bearing on the stage of Spain, in its first crude beginnings and through the period of its great flowering and subsequent decay; but he has also added not a little of his own, and has put into instructive comparison much knowledge of the contemporary theatre in France and in England. The result is a work packed with curious and verified details relating to every aspect of the subject. We have an account of the earliest *corrales* in Madrid and in Seville, where the representations of *comedias* and *autos* and *loas* began; together with statistics showing the attendance, the price of admission, the salaries paid to actors, and the royalties given to playwrights, as well as a great deal of matter concerning the actual production of plays—the costumes, the scenery, the theatrical devices, etc. All told, Professor Rennert has given us a real storehouse of information about the Spanish stage, from the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, to which the *aficionado* may be sent with confidence. The book leaves something to be desired in its printing of Spanish, but is a comely and most readable volume.

"Allison's Lad" is the first of half a dozen one-act plays, in prose and blank verse, by Beulah Marie Dix, and gives the title to the volume containing them (Holt & Co.). They are all episodes of war, dated at different times, and located in England, Ireland, France, and Germany. All of them have a certain theatrical value and are well adapted for stage representation, but they are sensational in character, conventional both in design and personification, and too dependent upon convenient coincidence to have much real dramatic value. Nevertheless they are vigorously written, show a lively appreciation of effective incident and situation, possess atmosphere, and do not actually transgress the limits of possibility. The reason for the adoption of blank verse in some of the plays is not obvious, as the measured lines, although they run smoothly enough, do not reveal any notable poetic faculty, whereas the author's prose is often robust and significant. Perhaps the best pieces are "The Hundredth Trick," of which the scene is laid in Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and "The Captain of the Gate," supposed to occur in the same country in the time of Cromwell. Both of these are quick in action and vivid in color, while the latter has an ingenious dash of the supernatural. But the whole series may be commended to the attention of any manager in need of a good curtain-raiser. Miss Dix, it will be remembered, was one of the joint authors of "The Road to Yesterday."

Music.

Franz Liszt. Von Julius Kapp. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Twenty-seven pages of this volume are taken up with a list of the books and articles written on the life and works of Liszt, yet the author is right in saying that all of these are mere material for a real biography of the man who was not only the greatest pianist of all time but who, as a composer, exerted an influence on the second half of the nineteenth century almost equal to that of Wagner. Lina Ramann's three volumes are invaluable, so far as they go; Liszt himself supplied considerable material for them; but they carry the story of his life only to the year 1847, after which there is little beside elaborate analyses of his works. Herr Kapp pursues the opposite course. While introducing separate short chapters on the pianoforte pieces, the orchestral works, the songs, the literary essays, and the ecclesiastic compositions, he devotes most of his space to telling the story of Liszt's life; he does it with commendable frankness, and without the least attempt to gloss over faults of character. He is also much more judicious in his estimate of the works, justly holding that such indiscriminate praise as Ramann and others have bestowed does more harm than good. Liszt needs no partisan clamor. His works have stood the test of time. Kapp even endorses the assertion of the Princess Wittgenstein that he "shot his arrow farther into the future than Wagner."

It cannot be said that Herr Kapp has adduced any important new facts relating to the boyhood and youth of Liszt, or to his meteoric career as a pianist, to which he himself put a sudden stop nearly forty years before the end of his life. But on his relations with the Countess d'Agoult and the Princess Wittgenstein, he throws many new side lights. All previous biographers accepted the legend that the Countess (Liszt's companion for several years and the mother of Cosima Wagner), on hearing that he desired her to change her religion in order that he might marry her, exclaimed: "La comtesse d'Agoult ne sera jamais Madame Liszt." But Kapp cites Liszt's comments on this: "There could not be a more idiotic invention than the story that I offered to marry Mme. d'Agoult, that she proudly refused, and that I wanted her to become a Protestant." The Lola Montez and Janina episodes are frankly discussed, and on page 469 the author indulges in plain talk on Liszt's multitudinous love affairs. He doubts whether he ever was really in love with any woman, and comments on his predilection for princesses and countesses.

As regards the Princess Wittgenstein, who played so important a part in Liszt's life, Kapp denies that it was she who was responsible for his becoming a composer. It was largely owing to her, however, that he gave up his concert tours at so early a stage in his career, thus securing time to compose. In the D'Agoult years he could not have done this, as she had a mania for squandering, her expenditures amounting to some 300,000 francs a year. The Princess, on the other hand, did the world but a poor service when she made additions of her own to Liszt's literary essays and books. In the volume on Chopin her knowledge of life in Poland proved an advantage, but in all other cases her interpolations, which are not marked as such, are verbose and dull. She had the audacity to add, without consulting him, fifty pages of her own to his volume on the Gypsies in Hungary; and these pages included comments on the Jewish question which made no end of trouble for him. The Princess's mania for writing was as remarkable as that of the Countess for squandering money. In the last years of her life she had a press of her own in Rome to print her books; among these was a treatise entitled "Causes intérieures de la faiblesse extérieure de l'Eglise," in twenty-four volumes!

Julius Kapp is the author of a book the subject of which is the friendship between Liszt and Wagner. In the present volume, also, this friendship plays a great rôle. There were breaks in it, one of which occurred when Wagner married Liszt's daughter, Cosima, the first wife of Hans von Bülow, who subsequently (and perhaps consequently) deserted the Wagner camp and became a Brahmsite. Another break was caused by the Princess, who insisted on sharing all of Liszt's letters and secrets. Wagner, to whom his friend was a sort of confessor, resented this, and the correspondence came to an end. The Princess liked "Lohengrin," but for the later

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and greater music dramas of Wagner she lacked all appreciation; and she quite lost patience with Liszt because of his zeal for Bayreuth. Kapp gives (pp. 414-16) the best account so far published of what led to Liszt's becoming an abbé. The Princess hoped he would advance gradually till he reached the rank of cardinal, but his own ambition did not lie in that direction. It was owing to her that he devoted much time to writing ecclesiastic music with a view to reforming the Catholic church service; but he soon found that Rome was not ready for a musical reformation. Pope Pius IX was ready to listen to his plans, but the cardinals were opposed, the public indifferent or hostile, and Liszt returned to Germany while the Princess remained in Rome.

Of Liszt's activity as a teacher at Weimar, Kapp gives a less vivid picture than others have done, notably Amy Fay, but the causes which led him to give up the conductorship of the opera in that city—where new composers were always sure of a welcome—are lucidly set forth. Liszt's life was more troubled than the world at large suspects. That it was on the whole a tragedy one feels more strongly than ever after reading this volume. The frank details given regarding his faults at the same time detract little from the impression as to the essential nobility of his character.

Six American singers—Louise Homer, Lillia Snelling, Riccardo Martin, Clarence Whitehill, Glenn Hall, and Herbert Witherspoon—took part in the performance of Converse's "Pipe of Desire" last Friday. It was the first opera by an American composer produced at the Metropolitan Opera House during the twenty-seven years of its existence, and it was sung in English. It may be said at once, however, that this did not prove to be an advantage. Distinct enunciation is a virtue of few opera singers, and it was only now and then that a few words of the text were intelligible, owing also, in part, to the vast auditorium, in which it is difficult to follow even spoken dialogue. Those who had hoped that this occasion would prove the desirability of having all operas sung in English were, therefore, grievously disappointed. It is safe to predict that for the next decade or two all operas will continue to be sung in this city in Italian, German, and French, unless an American composer appears whose song and declamation are as inseparably associated with the English idiom as Wagner's are with the German.

It cannot be said that this is the case in Professor Converse's opera. His attempts to write music to the words before him are on the whole infelicitous and often distinctly awkward. Nor did he manifest true operatic instinct in choosing for his text a poem by George Edward Barton, which, by reason of its symbolism and lack of action, is better suited to the reading room than the stage. A young man named Iolan, who is on his way to claim his bride, Naoia, comes across a bevy of elves, gnomes, and other fairy folk in the forest; their king has a pipe, by blowing which he can make his own subjects as well as Iolan dance. But when Iolan blows into it, heedless of warning, he brings a vision of his betrothed and then the girl herself to his side. His pipe of desire had compelled her, though ill, to arise, to ford icy streams, and, when she arrives, she dies in his arms.

On this slender thread Professor Converse has strung music lasting an hour and ten minutes. The choral parts of this music, accompanying the antics of the elves, are interesting, though not specially elfish. Better still is the orchestral score, which throughout is well constructed and appropriately colored. The composer had evidently imbued himself thoroughly with the spirit of Wagner, whose music dramas are frequently suggested. He uses four or five reminiscent motives, but they are not sufficiently individual to arrest the attention at once. The performance, under the zealous direction of Alfred Hertz, was excellent in almost every detail (apart from the diction), and it seemed as if the management, which has been distinctly hostile to American singers for the last two years, tried to atone for this by doing all that lay in its power, scenically and otherwise, to launch this first American opera successfully.

Debussy has completed a new orchestral work, entitled "Images." It is a suite in three parts, "Gigue triste," "Iberia," and "Rondes de Printemps." The second part was played detached from the others, at a recent Colonne concert under Pierné. It begins with a lively Spanish dance movement, and the colors throughout are laid on more thickly than in his other works. There are bells and muted horns, vigorous march movement and attempts at real melody.

Giovanni Lamperti, the singing teacher (a son of Francesco Lamperti, who died in 1892), died in Berlin last Friday at the age of seventy. He had taught in Milan, Paris, and Dresden, and was the instructor of Mme. Sembrich.

Prof. Karl Reinecke, the well-known German composer and conductor, died recently at Munich, at the age of eighty-five. He conducted the famous Gewandthaus concerts in Leipzig from 1860 to 1895, and had taught in the conservatory there. He was especially noted as an interpreter of Mozart. His more famous pupils have included Sullivan, Max Bruch, Grieg, and Weingartner.

Art.

THE HOENTSCHEL COLLECTION.

On March 14 was opened what is modestly designated as Wing F, at the Metropolitan Museum. It is really a small but completely representative museum of the decorative art of Europe, and the British-American colonies from the beginning of the Middle Ages to the early years of the century just past. The growth and installation of this collection are so remarkable as to require a brief explanation. In 1906, J. P. Morgan bought the famous Hoentschel collection, and planned to make it available for American designers. The eighteenth century portion, on the whole the finest, he gave to the Metropolitan Museum, offering to place the earlier portion on indefinite loan. The museum wisely determined to use this as the nucleus of a department of the decorative art of Europe, asked the late C. F. McKim to build a suitable extension for such use, and appointed Dr. Valentiner, then Dr. Bode's secretary at Berlin, to serve as curator of decorative art. It was the single instance in the history of the museum in which the galleries were built expressly for the collections to be contained in them, and the requisite science and taste were provided in advance to insure the symmetrical growth and installation of a great collection. The result is so eminently successful that the precedent will not remain a solitary one. Meanwhile the collection was growing through other gifts and loans by the donor, including such remarkable objects as the Mazarin tapestry and the late Gothic tombs from Château Biron. Only a few months ago Mrs. Russell Sage gave the Bolles collection of colonial furniture and antiquities, thus providing a valuable annex to the main European display.

The keeping of wood carvings and fixtures from abroad requires peculiar precautions. Our dry summer heat and frequent changes of temperature tend to warp and rack such objects disastrously. Accordingly the Hoentschel wing is cut off by swinging doors from the Museum generally, and is furnished with a climate of its own combining equability with considerable humidity. This ventilating system was contrived by the late Alfred R. Wolff, the Museum's engineer, and in the seven months since last August, the galleries have not varied more than a point or two from 64 Fahrenheit and 65 per cent. of humidity. If this system meets its apparent promise, it will be widely imitated.

The following account of the new galleries draws heavily upon the special *Bulletin*, which the Museum has issued to mark the opening. The large central hall is chiefly devoted to European sculpture of the Renaissance and earlier. A fine marble ciborium of Roman type and twelfth-century date is the most prominent object. It is flanked by late Gothic choir stalls, with figure decoration. Near-by, at the entrance, are Renaissance stalls of carved wood. Cases of the most brilliant Italian Majolica, loaned by Everit V. Macy, repeat on the floor and more emphatically the colors of Renaissance tapestries which adorn the upper walls. Virtually all the sculpture of this period and earlier was intended for a frontal view, so, nation by nation, the statues are set against massive screens or against the walls. The collection is young, but it already includes nameless fine specimens of the Romanesque and Gothic periods, besides impor-

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tant examples of Andrea and Giovanni della Robbia, the masters of polychrome glazes, Verrocchio, and Antonio Rossellino. We wish we could say as confidently Agostino di Duccio, who appears on the list in a very dubious marble relief. More representative is naturally the collection of plaquettes and other small bronzes which show the development of Italian sculpture from Donatello to Giovanni da Bologna. Donatello is not represented, but we are very near the style of the great reforms in some of the plaquettes, and in a bronze Hercules attributed to his successor Bertoldo.

The smaller galleries that surround the great hall in two ranges are treated quite simply and as mere receptacles for the exhibits. Here the architect has effaced himself. Each hall is hung in tints that recall the period and set off the collections. It was a fine tact that isolated the most important sculptures, the Biron tombs, to a small chapel-like hall, where one sees them in dim light and realizes their solemnity. The largest Gothic hall is hung in dark blue, which, while displaying the exhibited objects, also fuses them as Gothic architecture and decoration always loved to unify its complicated ingredients. The Renaissance room, on the contrary, is in a bright buff. This art loved definition—a few objects keenly projected from a background. In the seven galleries, devoted to the art of France from Louis XIV to the Revolution, the exhibits themselves almost cover the walls. Complete doorways, chimney pieces, panels, large cabinets, furniture of all degrees, meet the visitor's eye. And the workmanship is of the best. Here is a suite of panels carved by the great Salembier. Chiselled metal ornaments, either still in place or detached, by Boulle, Gameri, Gouthière, Riesener, represent the glorious culmination of historic ornament before its swift decline.

In a general way the pride of the collection is the tapestries, which run from the late Gothic period to the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Morgan's tapestry, Christ as Judge, which was owned by Mazarin, is world-famous. As a combination of fine design—Matsys's influence is apparent in it—and harmony of bright colors and gold, it is unique. Of an equal gorgeousness, but somewhat later date, are the two Brussels tapestries made by Pannemaker and loaned by George Blumenthal. The largest Gothic room contains two magnificent gates in gilded wrought iron of the thirteenth century. The bold scrolls terminate in grotesque dragons' heads. We hardly know where a parallel for this work could be found. It is an epitome of vigorous Gothic design. In the same room are admirable tapestries, stained glass, and sculptures of a peculiar spirituality in stone and wood. Many will find this the most attractive of the galleries.

From the administrative point of view, the establishment of a museum within a museum raises certain delicate considerations. What is decorative art? What is fine art? Everything of a very beautiful sort is likely to be both. We have in the New Wing a classification which at one point or another crosses or repeats that of every other department dealing with European art. For example, the picture gallery possesses five painted fronts of Florentine bride chests. Surely, these are decorative art, but the galleries will hardly give them up. At many points competition between departments may arise because of the ambiguity of the word decorative. At Berlin, for instance, Dr. Bode is prone to claim for the Museum of Fine Arts a whole class of beautiful objects which are desired by the Museum of Decorative Art. On the other hand, such competition may have a generally stimulating effect, and the evil to the public is slight when, after all, the disputable objects are kept under a single roof. Students lose time through such cross-classifications, but this is probably outweighed by the public advantage. In such a department as the Hoentschel wing one may breathe with delight the air of past ages, enjoy in harmonious surroundings their choicest products, compare at leisure, nation by nation, one artistic achievement with another. M.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

As one enters the Fine Arts building, Mr. Waugh's Buccaneers shouts a welcome from the remote depths of the Vanderbilt Gallery. It looks less good on nearer approach, though it is a swaggering thing. The gory villains, grinning horribly the while, swarm over the rail. They have a winning look in their savage eyes, but are singularly frozen in their murderous attitudes. Don't fear them; these be studio pirates, and will do no harm. Between this desperate strife and a ship flying a large "Jolly Roger" heave several of Mr. Waugh's sleekly powerful waves. Our bow is made to the picture of the show and to the winner of the Thomas B. Clarke prize.

There are two ways of painting an acceptable picture. One is to have a distinctive and personal vision. This is very difficult and not to be got by taking thought. The other is to ally yourself with a sound tradition. Where the sound tradition exists, originality is most likely to thrive. So one must welcome and approve such learned and competent landscapes on the bright modern scale as Redfield's, Scofield's, Bruce Crane's, Gardner Symons's—to mention only salient figures in the exhibition. Ernest Lawson brings unusual energy to the ruling conception of landscape. More interesting, if frequently less able, are certain exhibitors whose method is less forthright and dynamic. It is instructive, for example, to see how A Breezy Day, by Worthington Whittredge, former president of the Academy and recently deceased, holds its own with far cleverer things. It is just a point of rocks jutting out beyond a sandy road into a ruffled sea. It carries none too well, and is not very luminous; but the eye is singularly at peace in it. One has here not merely a painstaking transcript of an attractive bit of nature, but that more indefinable thing, a sense of place. With slender technical resources, it captures something that eludes more strenuous painters. This mild persistent quality we expect in Ben Foster's painting. A blithe meadow scene with a river is full of his subdued raciness; a yellow sunset with dancing figures reveals him in an oddly fantastic vein, with fuller impastes—something other than the self we have come to value.

Only two pictures were absolutely thrilling to the present writer, and still cause a commotion after twenty-four hours of absence. These were Emil Carlsen's Moonlight Cattegat and George Bellows's Floating Ice. Carlsen's nocturne is woven in a strangely beautiful blue-gray—a texture subtly brightened to mean the edges of clouds moving in upon a lunar interspace lightly veiled by nearer mists, or darkened to fill the hollow backs of slow tidal undulations. The expanse of the strait goes up endlessly under the moon. Everything is spacious and endued with lunar glamour, yet definite and verifiable. It is a very fine achievement—a classic thing for all its modernness. In it is no trace of the impetuosity of the impressionists, nor yet of the mere deft syncopations of many of the Whistler moonlights. By no means reminiscent, to match its large tranquillity one must go back to Claude. George Bellows's view of snow-covered hills beyond a sparkling river is at once the most nervous and restful picture of the show. Here we have just the indispensable indications of a vast scene—the green translucence of the nearer shallows, and the deep blue of the channel where the ice gleams. Beyond, the snow-covered hills heave up. Chosen accents—a quarry gash, a factory chimney, an occasional bare tree—give assurance of solidity and distance. Nothing could be more impetuous than the workmanship or more discreetly controlled. Every touch is quite literally an indication; there is no inert passage. Such work fairly rivals the synthetic miracles of the Far Eastern painters, remaining, however, naturalistic. What makes the picture is not ability of hand—in that Mr. Bellows has many competitors—but extraordinary fineness and intensity of vision.

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Portraits, what shall one say of them? Here they are hand-made in quantities, and with a certain ability. Mr. Blumenschien's German Tragedian has character and *naïveté*, but like much of his work, lacks arrangement and looks like an illustration writ large. One of the most haunting things is John da Costa's Petite Marquise, for no very good reason apparently, except that he has really caught the character of an awkward little girl uneasily got up in Trianon costume. Otherwise, it is rather hard, but one doesn't forget it. Mr. Tanner's portrait of himself makes no pretensions to *maîtrise*, and is full of blood; quite one of the refreshing things in its class. Robert Henri's most engaging head of a baby girl has been relegated to the outer glare of the Academy room. Ellen Emmet's two full-length portraits are well made and placed, particularly that of two gently-bred boys who have all the wistful charm of adolescence. That very uneven and experimental painter, Alden Weir, has rarely done anything more completely captivating than The Pet Bird. A girl looks lovingly at the paroquet which, perched on her left hand, is a vivid note of green in a surface of striated gray and rose. The picture has the essential qualities of solidity and envelopment, and a very special grace to boot.

Sculpture plays its usual modest incidental rôle. Courtenay Pollock's portrait heads are vivacious. Robert Aitken's have at once a subtler and severer accent, and are the most satisfactory of the exhibits. Chester Beach and J. Scott Hartley are well represented. The most ambitious contribution in sculpture is Gertrude V. Whitney's marble group, Paganism Immortal. It is delicately modelled after the fashion that Rodin has taught, and the nude pagans evidently yearn for each other—again a Rodinesque proclivity. The pose is *guindé* and the mood tragic. It is a creditable performance, but the artist apparently entertains severely orthodox ideas concerning what the hymn calls the "heathen in their darkness."

The National Academy as an exhibiting body is much in the position of the proverbial man who, falling from a scaffold, and being asked how he was, replied, "Very well, so long as this lasts." Now the Academy exhibitions cannot last on the present basis. This is the eighty-fifth; the hundredth will hardly be reached unless a miracle be performed meanwhile. An exhibition of art must serve either the purposes of pleasurable display or those of a mart. This does neither. It attracts few visitors and fewer buyers. In the life of the city it is an episode without importance. Yet pilgrims and even patrons frequent the show of the Pennsylvania Academy, which is made up in large part of the work of New York artists. The difficulty, as has been said some thousand times, is the lack of proper exhibition galleries. If shows are to be given by the artist societies, the display must be of a scale and impressiveness to attract the public. As things are to-day few people will visit the crowded galleries in Fifty-seventh Street, except from a sublime sense of duty. Not that the show itself is worse than the run, but simply that it is no money's worth, in the sense that a Royal Academy or a Salon is. If one is patriotic enough to affect the painting of his own land, he can see it much more fully and agreeably at the dealers' or at Philadelphia, including many painters of talent who from choice or necessity do not darken the Academy doors. The Academy waits in the hope of a Maecenas. May he be provided, and promptly. Unless the Academy gets its change of air soon even *aurum potabile* will have been administered too late. M.

Franz Hals's Family Group, which includes portraits of the painter, his second wife, Lysbeth Reniers, his son and daughter, his negro servant, and a pet dog, has recently become the property of Otto H. Kahn, of New York, and is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The figures appear on a landscape background (one of the few that Hals ever painted), with a glimpse of the old Dutch city of Haarlem in one corner. William Bristow of London was the first recorded owner of the canvas (which is 79 by 112 inches); it was acquired in about the year 1759 by his nephew, John Ward, in whose family it had remained until it was sold last summer by Colonel Warde (who had added the "e" to the family name) of Westerham, Kent, to Duveen Brothers, the English art dealers, from whom it was bought by Mr. Kahn.

Fuller details have been received with regard to Professor Garstang's recent discoveries at Meroe, in Egypt, mentioned in the *Nation* of February 17. They include a high altar of the great Temple of Ammon, with two terra-cotta tables of offering lying on the ground before it, where they must have been placed just before the destruction of the city. An inscribed tablet, containing prayers for protection from injury, was found near by. The altar, four feet high and four feet broad, is of black stone, and the sides are sculptured with reliefs of Horus and Thoth Anubis, the Nile deities, the Queen and King. The King is kneeling, with the High Priest standing in front of him, offering an oblation. The altar could be seen on entering the eastern pylon. A secret chamber was discovered a hundred yards distant behind the sanctuary, in which probably the oracle was worked.

Edmond-Charles Yon, a French landscape painter, died recently at Versailles, at the age of forty-eight. He had been a regular exhibitor at the Salon, and one of his pictures, Le Pont Valentré, à Cahors, is in the Luxembourg.

Denis-Pierre Bergeret, the French painter, who had exhibited pictures of flowers, fruit, and still life at the Salon since 1870, died recently at the age of sixty-six.

Finance.

AN "IMPORT EXCESS."

Figures of foreign trade are such dry statistics that the ordinary reader is apt to turn with dismay from an exposition of them. Dickens, with his inimitable art of extracting humor from a social bore, has pictured that delightful conversation between Mr. Baps the dancing master and Sir Barnet Skettles, at Dr. Blimber's party, as to "what you were to do with your raw materials when they came into your ports in return for your drain of gold." The innocent Mr. Toots had already suggested, "Cook 'em" —which Mr. Baps thought would not do:

> Sir Barnet Skettles had much to say upon the question, and said it; but it did not appear to solve the question, for Mr. Baps retorted, Yes, but supposing Russia stepped in with her tallows—which struck Sir Barnet almost dumb, for he could only shake his head after that, and say, Why, then you must fall back on your cottons, he supposed.

The hit at the ordinary colloquy on trade, and at the genial outside public's attitude towards such colloquies, is palpable. Occasionally, however, there occurs an incident, or a general movement, in the foreign trade of a great nation, of so dramatic a character that the matter at once becomes a topic of vigorous discussion, even by the plain man in the street. Of such a character, for instance, was the extraordinary rise in what was called our "foreign trade balance," during 1900 and 1901.

The economist, the Bureau of Statistics, and the Stock Exchange had long been discussing the increase in a single year, in the country's export trade, to $200,000,000 more than the previous annual maximum, and the rise in the 1900 excess of exports over imports to $648,000,000, where $300,000,000 had been the greatest export excess in our history, up to three years before. The outside public began to join in the discussion when Wall Street echoed with the story of our enormous credit balance on the foreign money markets, and when an Austrian statesman, in a public speech, urged industrial Europe to "stand shoulder to shoulder to resist the American invasion."

In many respects, what the monthly trade statements are reporting now is the reverse picture to that of 1901. Last week's report on February's foreign trade not only shows no portentous heaping up of foreign credits, through rising excess of merchandise exports over imports, but the export excess for the eight months ending in February is actually the smallest by nearly one hundred millions of any corresponding period since 1896, and February itself shows an excess of merchandise imports over exports, the first that has occurred in that month since 1895.

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In other words, so far as regards our "foreign trade balance," we are back where we were before the great industrial revival. Europe no longer talks of the "American invasion"; discussion converges now on the extraordinary American import trade, which in the past eight months was twice as great as in the same months of 1901, whereas exports increased only 20 per cent. Nor are the foreign financial markets debating now the next move which New York is likely to make with its accumulated European credit balance. The most-mooted question of the hour is, how the American market can raise in Europe, through sale or pledge of American securities, credits enough to balance the international account and prevent an outflow of gold.

The man in the street, who does not follow closely the developments in such fields at the less dramatic intervening periods, is likely to ask what has happened. The resultant general situation, as regards our international position, is plain to any one; but it is not plain, any more than it was when the opposite conditions were unfolding on the eve of 1901, what the altered situation really means.

There are several possible answers. It is replied, first, that our enormous import trade is a sign of unprecedented home prosperity and consuming power. If it is asked why exports do not increase proportionately, it is pointed out in some quarters that we are reaching the limit of production in certain great lines of export, and in others that our home consumption has expanded so enormously that even immensely enhanced production, industrial and agricultural, cannot supply the home demand and still leave an old-fashioned surplus for the export market. But there is yet another group of observers who insist that we have forced up prices of commodities so high, in the United States, that foreign markets not only will not buy our goods on the former scale, but find it profitable to sell their own export surplus in America.

The strength of the first of these theories lies in the current reports of unusually large production, traffic, and bank exchanges; its weakness, in the fact that nobody alleges the present prosperity, and the present demand for home consumption, to be equal to such a year as 1906, yet that our import trade since the middle of 1909 has been greater by $220,000,000 than in that year. The weak side of the last of the theories recited is that even the foreign "index numbers" show extraordinarily rapid rise in commodity prices; its strongest argument lies in the fact that the rise in prices, during the past twelve months has notoriously been greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and in the equally notorious fact that prices, even of our staple export commodities, are in some important instances higher in America than in Europe. Somewhat to the point is the conclusion, long ago established as a matter of economic history, that our immense "foreign trade balance" of 1901, and the "American invasion," were direct and logical consequences of an era of low prices in this country, when we had learned to make our goods so much cheaper than Europe, and at the same time so much better, that Europe had to take them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alldridge, T. J. A. Transformed Colony: Sierra Leone. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Bailey, L. H. Manual of Gardening. Macmillan. $2 net.

Barrie, J. M. Neither Dorking nor the Abbey. A Tribute to Meredith. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore.

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Brainerd, E. H. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Brewster, E. T Swimming. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Camp, S. G. Fishing Kits and Equipment. Outing Pub. Co. $1.
Celano's Life of Saint Clare. Trans. and edited by P. Robinson. Philadelphia: Dolphin Press.
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